

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV.
1934

3^D
EVERY
THURSDAY

**THINK,
WORK,
FIGHT!**
By The EDITOR

**ALL SET
FOR THE
FINAL
PHASE**
By A.G.G.

**HUMAN
STORY
FROM
RUSSIA**
By B.L.JACOT

*In the Land of the
Maple*



they
SWEAR
by
KOLYNOS!
of course

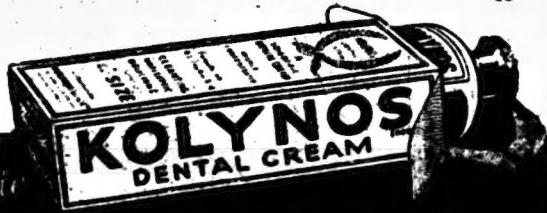
Aptly described as an Empire Arsenal and an Empire Larder, Canada has also played the rôle of fairy god-mother to many children evacuated from their homes in Gt. Britain. We may be quite sure that in acquiring new habits they will be encouraged to develop those instilled by their parents: washing behind their ears, for example, and cleaning their teeth night and morning—with KOLYNOS.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

IMPORTANT—

USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED
FOR FIUNITIONS. RETURN
THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.

*The
economical
tooth paste*



It isn't you
(it's your soap-suds)

**that needs
the tonic!**



Use **MAZO** tablets
to energize the soap-suds
and they do the hard work
for you

MAZO is something new in washing aids! MAZO is what even the best soap needs—a tonic to make the suds more energetic, more searching, more cleansing. It does not matter whether you use soap, flakes, or powder, MAZO will give it tremendous extra cleansing activity; will multiply its suds and make them act quicker, easier, better. No rubbing, no scrubbing, no hard work—MAZO energized soap-suds do all that for you.

MAZO Soap Energizing Tablets

Three 3d packets, each of 5 tablets, for 1 coupon

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FOOD FACTS

**Dried Eggs
are
Cheaper!**



Eggs are one of the best body-building foods and therefore very important in our wartime diet.

But the best of hens lays fewer eggs once May is past, and so there will be fewer and fewer eggs in the shops from now on.

Fortunately we are getting very good supplies of Dried Eggs from the United States and Canada, and to make sure no one goes short of this fine body-building food the price has been reduced. The 12 egg package which used to cost 1/9d. now costs only 1/3d.

In addition to this price reduction the Ministry of Food has made more Dried Eggs available — one extra package per Ration Book any time during the next four weeks, making two per book for the period May 30th to July 24th. (Four for children with green Ration Books.)

So claim your share next time you go to the shop where you are registered for eggs. Poultry-keepers can take their Ration Books to any egg retailer.

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS?

Turn a level tablespoonful of Dried Eggs into a hard-boiled egg! Mix as usual with 2 tablespoonfuls of water, and pour into a heavily greased egg cup. Steam until set, 10-15 minutes.

1. Slice it and serve with your salad.

2. Chop and add to clear vegetable broth.

3. Serve with curry sauce and potatoes.

4. Make into Scotch eggs — wrap eggs in sausage meat and bake or fry. Serve hot or cold.

HOW TO MIX DRIED EGGS

1. To turn a Dried Egg into a fresh one, mix 1 level tablespoonful of the powder with 2 tablespoonfuls of water. This mixture equals one fresh egg.

2. Now treat the egg as you would a fresh one — you can even fry it.

3. Don't make up more egg than is necessary.

4. Keep Dried Eggs in airtight tin, and store in a cool place.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT
EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.I. FOOD FACTS NO. 156

Big land
battle!

A record harvest is on the way, but women must help "bring it in". Here's healthy work that is vitally important. Turn to and lend a hand!

What do I do?

If I can only do local or part-time work, I apply to my county War Agricultural Committee for details of local harvest schemes.

If I am between 17 and 40, fit and strong and able to leave my home, I ask my Employment Exchange if I may join the Women's Land Army.

If I cannot do land work, I try to help by billeting or looking after land-workers.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by
the Brewers' Society

Babies
first,
please!

If any mother has a baby who doesn't come on as he should, let her follow the experience of thousands of other grateful mothers, and try Nestlé's Milk. Over and over again — times without number — when everything else has failed, Nestlé's Milk has built a bonny child from a tiny wasting baby. All because the most delicate baby stomach can digest it and thrive on it. While supplies of Nestlé's Milk are short, please leave it for the babies. They need it most.

Issued by Nestlé's Milk Products Ltd.

JUST A LITTLE
MARMITE
MEANS A LOT OF
GOODNESS AND FLAVOUR

Marmite, the Yeast food-extract, improves Soups, Stews, Gravies & Savoury Sandwiches.



"Home lesson..." A splendid wash with Wright's before and after lessons is a habit that's helped to keep generations of children fresh and fit. That lovely-smelling 'coal tar' lather keeps the skin healthy, cleanses cuts and grazes, drives away germs. Many schools use nothing but Wright's.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

2 1/2 per tablet — inc. tax — 1 coupon.



Happier!
..she's eating
**MORE
WEETABIX**
—that's why!



Mummy gives her Weetabix three or four times a day — with milk for breakfast; with jam or butter mid-morning — and sometimes for supper as well! Yet she never tires of it! Plenty of Weetabix is "making her healthy and happy. Whether or not you can get Weetabix depends on where you live, for all cereals are now "zoned." If you can get it you are doubly lucky, for Weetabix gives most Food-Value-per-Point! Keep it first on your list!

Weetabix

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 10, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."



Straight from the Shoulder

EVE OF BATTLE

SCANT notice has been given to one of the most spectacular developments of the war.

The enemy is now having to play our game.

His official military spokesmen as well as his newspapers have become obsessed with invasion speculations. Britain knew nothing like it when, in those sunny but bleak days of 1940, we faced direct attack.

Word Dropped

No longer do the Nazis deride the prospects of invasion. No longer is the word "impossible" bawled daily from official megaphones.

General Paul Haase has fixed the tone of the German warnings to their people. A gloomy tone!

It Will Come

"One dark and windless night," he predicts, "the Allies will try to land at one or several places on the European coast. The coastal defenders could not prevent such an action."

"Their real task will be to establish at which point the genuine attack is being launched and which are merely camouflage attacks. There is no doubt that such an invasion will be undertaken."

Relief for Russia

Because of this certainty, Marshal von Keitel is moving the supreme headquarters of the German army from the Eastern Front to Western Germany.

Which indicates, too, that the enemy's summer offensive against Russia has definitely been called off.

Fever-heat

In the Balkans, invasion tension reaches a new peak. The expectant Greeks are rising. Rumania's capital is being evacuated. Axis defence chiefs are conferring in Salonika.

"Italy and Germany are both desperately fighting for their lives," Rome radio admits.

And Mussolini's mouthpieces go on to proclaim that Italy is "Europe's front door."

Forcing an Entry

Not so. Italy is the back door. It lost its bolt when Tunisia and Pantelaria fell. Its lock will be smashed if we seize Sicily or Sardinia.

But the front door is on the west side of "Europe's fortress." It is there that we shall use our biggest battering-ram when we are ready to do so.

Stern Ordeal

The task will strain all our muscles. Even the side door of the Balkans will be hard to push ajar—for even there we could find no land path unless Turkey came into the war.

No, the enterprise on which we are embarking must be grim and horribly costly. Mr. Churchill was wise to warn us last week against easy-going optimism.

Enemy Strength

Up to 1,500,000 German troops are now on guard from Norway to Salonika—leaving some 2,000,000 in Russia.

And if there is to be no great offensive this summer on the Eastern Front, then another thirty or forty divisions may be brought back.

What We Face

A year ago an Allied attack would have met only thirty German infantry divisions and three panzer divisions in France. Now we should have to deal with perhaps fifty infantry divisions and ten armoured divisions.

So with Italy. We know that Hitler is pouring reinforcements through the Brenner pass. So, too, with the Balkans.

We could not expect the U.S. to be ready for such operations a year ago. Moreover, in that year our own strength has grown, nourished by hard training at home and the African victories abroad.

Stalin's Surprise

There is another point to remember. Though the Axis defences have been increased, they will be severely taxed if—as the Russians comment—the Allied blows come simultaneously from east and west.

We can bank on Stalin not to be in-

active when we are battling into Europe from the west!

U-boats Go Down

Our preparations for the grand assault have been given an immense fillip by recent successes against the Atlantic U-boats. We have been able to use much more of our shipping for military requirements.

And, by using a powerful "air umbrella" over the Sicilian Straits, we have reopened all the Mediterranean to our convoys.

There's a "But"

But our shipping situation is still serious. In this respect, too, we must guard against premature rejoicings.

Even if we didn't lose another vessel for months we should yet be short of transports for the vast supplies that will be needed for the Western Front.

Flow of Fortresses

Fortunately, there is no hold-up in the flow of Fortresses and Liberators across the Atlantic. They are arriving in really impressive numbers.

Their day raids on Axis Europe serve a double purpose. They attack small targets with precision and economy. They also draw off the *Luftwaffe*.

However astonishing the figures may seem for the German fighters they claim as destroyed, you can take it that they are really conservative estimates.

Stepping It Up

Our own output of bombers, of course, is tremendous. And our offensive has not yet reached its zenith.

We shall continue our bombing this summer in increasing volume. Our Russian friends are watching its progress with both interest and respect. The Nazi High Command must be interested and anxious.

Pacific Pincers

In the Pacific, too, this is the flying season. Our air power, based on Australia, has been greatly increased. And in the new land-sea-air operations in the Solomons we are probably tasting the first fruits of the Washington staff talks.

This pincer movement should be a valuable diversion to any big Japanese ambitions. But we must not place upon it a more important interpretation.

Yet to Come

To beat Japan by advancing from island to island might well take us twenty years—or even a century.

Our strategy must be to engage the Japanese in the south-west until we are ready to strike where it hurts most—at Japan herself.

Making Plans

That, in brief, is the situation abroad. Here at home, no less fateful possibi-

● We're getting on. Why, we are even promised that "soon" another JOHN BULL reform will be granted—that women on full-time industrial work, with husbands and home to look after in their "spare time," will no longer have to exhaust their strength in fire watching.

Such is progress. And the war is only in its forty-sixth month!

But JOHN BULL wonders if the progress couldn't be speeded up just a little bit more.

For example, among the other fire guard changes announced by the Government is that trailer pumps are being supplied to danger areas.

They were first promised last year. But can the Government assure us that Britain's chief target—London—has been adequately supplied?

We know it can't. And we know that quite a few fire guards in target areas—yes, women squad leaders and messengers among them—haven't even the elementary protection of steel helmets!

TIME PLEASE!

ties are opening. More than the public may realise, plans are being discussed for a new Britain.

Some, it seems to JOHN BULL, are not being drafted as quickly as they might be. All, we are convinced, must be dovetailed into an international framework.

Not the least important proposals were published last week.

Public Ownership

They emerge from private conferences at the Nuffield College, Oxford, between industrialists, politicians, trade unionists, and others.

First, it is suggested that such "key" industries and services as transport and public utilities should be placed under public ownership.

Toeing the Line

Next come industries which, because of their size or nature, are likely to come under the control of a few concerns.

For these, public industrial boards are proposed—boards that would set up a general economic policy that such industries would have to follow.

Making a Start

There are other highly important revolutions outlined in the seventy pages of the report just issued. Obviously, the value of such impartial surveys is that they provide a basis for action.

And action there must be unless this war is to end in economic and industrial chaos. JOHN BULL believes that action there will be.

Forcing Their Hand

Why? Because the public demands it; because, as we point out on page 5, the public is powerful enough to get its own way.

That was proved last week. The Government would have met defeat on the pensions' appeal board's issue had it not suddenly agreed to surrender.

It surrendered because it realised that the country is angry and disgusted at the pettyfogging callousness meted out to war victims.

It's Mean

Thus, miners and other workers often have a whip-round to help the families of serving comrades. But the Ministry of Pensions takes these gifts into account if those families apply for a war-service grant.

Such miserliness will be tolerated no longer. Big changes will be made.

And not only on the Home Front!

(Continued overleaf)

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE FOR FIRE GUARD'S WIDOW

Mr. J. C. Thorning, of Plymouth, was helping to extinguish incendiaries while on fire guard duty during a recent air raid when he was killed by a high explosive bomb which fell nearby. As Mr. Thorning was a registered reader of "John Bull" his widow has received a prompt cheque under our Free Air Raid Insurance.

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home-Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S).

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 126, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

THE Government has been finding that anti-inflation measures are two-edged weapons. Intent on keeping down prices, it has just been keeping them up—and running the risk of food wastage into the bargain.

So it was with new potatoes. The first price, fixed at 3½ per lb., was too high. Last week the markets were glutted. People wouldn't buy till the price came down, and it couldn't come down till the Government gave permission.

Emergency Campaign

Then, after gradual price reductions were authorised, the Government had to launch an "Eat More (New) Potatoes" campaign.

The trouble was the old one—when you fix a minimum price there's always the danger of its being the minimum as well. This sort of thing will have to be watched more carefully; we can't afford to have food waste because of mistakes in price control.

Jam Glut?

It's to be hoped that a leading manufacturer's fears about the Government's soft fruit policy don't turn out to be justified.

He thinks it was wrong to keep the bulk of this season's crop for the jam factories, because stocks are so great that there'll be a repetition of the jam glut of the last war when, at one time, hundreds of barrels were wasted.

"N.R.S." Sounds Good

A reader—an expert himself on traffic problems—has an idea which the experts at the Ministry of War Transport ought to consider very carefully.

He suggests that when peace packs Britain's 178,000 miles of roads again we should have plans all ready for a National Road Service.

Extra Police

This service (he says) should be made up of officers with full police authority so far as traffic control is concerned. In distinctive blue uniforms they would patrol the whole country, observe traffic

Price Control Gets Out of Hand—Watch for Port Bribery—Muddled 'Medicals'?

fluctuations, report on road surfaces, signs, barriers—anything that helps to keep down accidents.

The service would be on Civil Service lines with full staffs of clerks, telephonists, ambulance drivers, and so on at the regional points.

Not a Sideline

The idea is not to pamper motorists, but to have a standardised system of "accident control." It's got big advantages. The thousands of trained Civil Defence workers, freed after the war, would find attractive careers in the "N.R.S."

They would relieve the ordinary police of duties which have got far too complicated and vital to be a sideline to crime prevention.

Double Job

We'd much rather hear that the Minister of War Transport is going ahead with a scheme like this than that he's already got fine plans for fast, new motor ways over the countryside.

It's more important to slow down the terrible rate of road deaths than to speed up the traffic. The "N.R.S." could do both.

Please Don't Pay—

In the last week or two we've been asking readers to keep a watch on careless, and dangerous, rumour-mongering about the American troops over here.

Now we want to ask the Americans themselves to do something. We want them to refuse absolutely to pay more than the normal prices for food, drink and entertainment. And in the towns, we want them to stop tempting the taxi-drivers.

—Through the Nose

For a taxi journey which used to cost about 5s., a colleague in a famous Home Counties town was asked 25s. the other day. Just because American soldiers have, without thinking, brought some "inflation" across the Atlantic with them.

At home, they'd hate to be robbed by a "jockey"—which is their pleasant

name for a taxi-driver. They would not be robbed over here if they made it clear that home prices "went for them, too."

Bribery Alleged

Allegations of bribery have recently been made to the Shipping Federation about the way the Merchant Navy Pool is working at certain ports.

Arab seamen, it is said, are willing to pay to obtain better jobs at sea than those to which the official rota entitles them.

Very disturbing disclosures have been made during an inquiry just finished at one port.

It now remains to be seen whether any official action will follow.

On Look-out

The Pool registers the different grades of seamen and allocates them to ships. It's believed that a pound or two slipped into an official pocket has got Arabs jobs as firemen or greasers out of turn and on the "safer" ships.

The Shipping Federation is taking immediate steps to end the scandal.

It's agents are on the look-out at various ports.

Fit or Not?

Overworked doctors have to deal with an enormous variety of cases in the Armed Forces, and it is not surprising if mistakes are sometimes made. The primary responsibility seems to rest with the National Service Medical Boards, who decide whether a man is fit to go into the Forces or not, and we should consider the possibility of improving the machinery at the initial stage.

We Said It

That last paragraph has appeared in print before. It's taken from a letter to *The Times*. It was written last week by Victor Raikes, Conservative M.P. for South East Essex.

Mr. Raikes is absolutely right; as right as we think JOHN BULL's been in making the same point (and quoting its readers' experiences) for months past.

We did not need a notorious court case to call attention to injustices.

Waiting Call-Up

What does Mr. Raikes think of this letter received only a day or two ago?

"For three and a half years I worked in a famous Clyde shipyard. My health broke down and I was off work for some months with a serious illness. Six months ago I was medically discharged as unfit for industrial work and got a light job.

"Now I've been before a Medical Board and been graded II. I'm waiting for my call-up papers and am still having treatment from my doctor."

Broken Sleep

The Ministry of Labour must see that there's nothing to suggest slapdash methods about the Medical Boards. Another, shallower, matter it should look into is the question of paying lodging allowances to war workers.

In some places night workers find they can only collect their money during a single hour in the middle of the day. That means a broken sleep and, no doubt, reduced output the next night. The Employment Exchanges ought not to find it difficult to relax their rules.

● A Manchester man has been discharged from the Services. While he was in the Army his wife did regular farm work. Now they want to work on the land together. They know the job's hard; they don't mind that. They've answered advertisements, had the help of the Employment Exchange, but no farmer seems to need them.

Two Oxford women were keen on doing part-time land work. They arranged to go to an agricultural camp near London and arrived at 10.15 one night. The camp was deserted, there was nowhere for them to sleep. And no sign of any job to be done next morning.

What IS all this about labour shortage on the farms?

Nonsense on Paper

The Home Secretary has got plenty of rules he could relax. It's nonsense for him to make out that paper work has been seriously reduced in the fire-fighting organisations.

The fact, as an M.P. told him, is that Home Office circulars have increased as the bombs have diminished.

Insulted

A Plymouth woman has received a form from the Fire Guard Officer (who lives in the next street) asking for particulars of her two children, aged seven and ten, and for proof that they are hers.

She thought this was an insult and said so, only to be told, "We can't help it. We have to get this information. It's a Government Order."

Losing Coupons

Small tailors have been having a raw deal under the war time regulations. Now they're getting together, organising a petition for fairer treatment compared with the wholesale manufacturers.

The big tailor can produce a suit for 24 coupon's worth of cloth; the small man has an average loss of three coupons for each suit he makes.

And Saving Cloth

The reason is simple. Multiple stores keep off outsiders and customers of unusual build. The small craftsmen have to take whoever comes.

Members of the newly-formed Bespoke Tailors' Guild are not asking any favour from the Board of Trade. They have worked out plans for saving 7½ per cent. wool, 26 per cent. artificial silk, and 55 per cent. cotton on each suit they make.

In exchange, they want some easing of the regulations so that they can cater properly for their special type of customer.

Great Lettuce—

This page began with some food problems for the Government. Let's end it with a food-plus-transport query.

One Thursday lately a pile of cabbage and lettuce lay on the platform at Rock Ferry, Cheshire. There was enough to fill half a guard's van. It was on the way from Liverpool to a N.A.A.F.I. in Wales.

—Mystery

The food was already withered yet it had a long journey to a camp that's surrounded with agricultural land producing cabbage and lettuce in abundance.

Liverpool, on the other hand, wants all the fresh greenstuff available. We'd like to think the consignment had been addressed the wrong way round, but, unfortunately, it hadn't.

Now, was its journey really necessary?

THEN

HOW they gloom when they Britain lay the Luftwaffe's bomb Hitler, Goering, their parrot-like im—were almost hysterical.

Do you remember said?

Adolf Hitler, Se "We shall rub out the R.A.F. throw 2 4,000 kilogramme throw in one night 230,000, 300,000, 400, —and more!"

Goering, September glad to have made such a formidable Poland, Norway, a was the decisive fa also be Germany's in the Battle of Br Goebbels, September land will not have and tears to satisfy demand for revenge land has suffered nung."

Goebbels, September land will be punished people have ever

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Rome Radio, M German Air Force fresh intensive British Isles, with further atrocious c

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German radio, Ju again the devilish British murder ra over a German ci a picture of horro struction. There getting this—it w pirates."

But if the R. "pirates," what applied to the Ger dived upon undefe and Belgrade?

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Russian gestures of moderation in dispute with Poland have given new hope to Roosevelt-Churchill committee acting as mediators that breach will soon be closed.

● In further appreciation of Allied help, Emperor Haile Selassie intends to mobilise 1,000,000 strong labour force to build at nominal expense new roads, etc., to improve Middle East link with Central and West Africa.

● Mass evacuation is choking Germany's railways and interfering seriously with movement of troops. Soldiers' morale is affected by contact with the stream of civilian evacuees whom they meet on railway stations and roads.

● Plan to use the big units of the Nazi Labour Organisation Todt as fighting units to relieve shortage of troops is causing violent opposition, and words between Hitler and

Speer, Minister in charge of the organisation.

● King Boris has insisted on being represented on the Fascist War Council for the Defence of South-Eastern Europe, but Nazi advisers fear to share their secrets with the "uncertain elements" of Bulgaria.

● Great slow-down in Rumania's industrial output for German war production is causing concern in high Nazi quarters. Leading Gestapo officials have been sent to Bucarest to investigate cause of trouble.

● Serious split has developed in Spanish military circles, where swing away from pro-Axis sentiment increases. Franco has exiled five generals to Canary Islands, but tension continues.

● Swedish resistance to German demands is now both strong and confident. All transit facilities for Nazis are soon to be stopped.

THEN....

HOW they gloated and boasted when they thought that Britain lay prostrate under the *Luftwaffe's* bombs! Hitler, Goering, Goebbels—and their parrot-like imitators in Rome—were almost hysterical in their exultation.

Do you remember what they said?

Adolf Hitler, September, 1940: "We shall rub out their cities! If the R.A.F. throw 2,000 or 3,000 or 4,000 kilogramme bombs, we shall throw in one night 150,000, 180,000, 230,000, 300,000, 400,000 kilogrammes—and more!"

Goering, September, 1940: "I am glad to have made my *Luftwaffe* such a formidable weapon. In Poland, Norway, and the West it was the decisive factor, and it will also be Germany's sharpest sword in the Battle of Britain."

Goebbels, September, 1940: "England will not have enough blood and tears to satisfy our remorseless demand for revenge. All that England has suffered is only a beginning."

Goebbels, September, 1940: "England will be punished as no other people have ever been punished."

Goebbels, December, 1940: "Terror was sown on London on Sunday night. This is the first of the great air raids; they will be continued as long as the British Government does not lay down its arms."

Rome Radio, December, 1940: "From now on, London will not be allowed to enjoy a minute's peace."

Berlin spokesman, April, 1942: "We know where Canterbury Cathedral is. Now the German Air Force will go out for every building in Britain which is marked with three stars in Baedeker."

Rome Radio, May, 1943: "The German Air Force has opened a fresh intensive attack on the British Isles, with prospects of further atrocious devastation."

NOW....

BUT the tune has changed. The world is asked now to shed its tears because the centres of Germany's war production are being systematically bombed.

Though Hitler is strangely silent, his lackeys shriek with mortification and impotent rage.

Goebbels, June, 1943: "With his brutal and cynical methods of warfare the enemy gives us a taste of what is in store for us should we ever weaken. With set teeth we have to suffer this crime of the moment."

German Foreign Office, June, 1943: "It is clear that the Anglo-Americans intend to go on with this inhuman warfare. We accuse Roosevelt and Churchill of committing a war crime."

Goebbels, June, 1943: "In the sick brains of the plutocratic world destroyers this type of air terror was born. Hitler left nothing undone to give the war at least a humane form."

German radio, June, 1943: "Once again the devilish storm of the British murder raiders has swept over a German city. Elberfeld is a picture of horror and utter destruction. There must be no forgetting this—it was an attack by pirates."

But if the R.A.F. crews are "pirates," what word should be applied to the German pilots who dived upon undefended Rotterdam and Belgrade?

THINK, WORK, FIGHT

WITH our will set upon victory and all our energies bent to the tasks of war, there is a dangerous tendency among some of us to suppose that we shall be able to sit back and take things easily when the Axis is defeated.

So we could—for a little while—as we did last time. And with the same result—to sell our dead "up the river"; to frustrate their sacrifice; to cheat ourselves of freedom and our children of security.

Herbert Morrison has uttered a timely warning on this score.

"Paradise will not be handed to us on a plate," he says. "It must be worked for, thought for, voted for."

And, JOHN BULL would add, "fought for"—fought for with every weapon of democratic right and all the power of the people's determination.

Our cause is the cause of "the common man"; our policy is to promote his welfare by every means in our power.

We shall support every political or social move on his behalf, no matter who makes it.

And we shall resist every attempt to thwart his progress, no matter what group or Party, or even Government, inspires it.

This said, we warn our readers that neither politicians nor bosses, neither the Press nor the pulpit, can build a better Britain except on the sure foundation of the people's will.

But there are many powerful forces which could and would restore the rotten old order of money-power and class-privilege and set up the Golden Calf anew for our worship if we were stupid enough, cowardly enough—or even lazy enough—to let them.

The enemies of "the common man" are already mobilising under cover. The reactionary captains of industry and field-marshal of privilege are drawing up their plan of campaign.

They are behind the organised opposition to the Beveridge social security proposals. They stiffen the resistance of industry to all proposed control of methods and profits. They helped to put over the ship-owners' bargain with the Government for the handing over of war time tonnage after the war.

In the United States just now the authorities are exploring the ramifications of a vast "Big Business" trust system.

Much un-informed comment on monopolies and cartels is current, but two points are worth noting.

When industries reach the monopoly stage they are ripe for nationalisation.

In the international field they prove that economic collaboration is practical. But JOHN BULL says they should be under proper governmental control and directed to the best interests of the consumer as well as the producer. And the policy should always be one of expansion and not restriction.

But a lot of people would oppose all reform which "threatens rights of public ownership."

Propagandists, who did not dare to talk above a whisper when victory itself was in the balance, are now talking in louder tones.

Some of them profess anxiety for the country's "economic stability"; others are concerned lest social security should sap "our sturdy British independence"; and others, again, lament "threats to individual enterprise," and shed crocodile tears for "small men driven out of business" by "meddlesome legislation."

FEW have come so brazenly into the open as Baron Fairfield, the former Lord Justice of Appeal.

He thought fit to address a letter to the Hoyalake and West Kirby electors bidding them beware the risk of a future "Socialist Government."

"That would be very nearly as bad," he said, "but not quite, as government by Hitler."

Note that "not quite," for it is the key to reactionary thought. In this country even the great vested interests and the privileged minority could see no future in a German victory.

They were prepared, if the worst came to the worst, to endure "socialism" or even "Bolshevism" rather than "Hitlerism."

But they do not mean to endure control by anybody unless they have to.

They intend the common man to win the shooting war for them, and then they think they will be strong enough to win the peace for themselves.

So they will, unless we stop them. In 1918 Carl Rosemeier, a German, wrote: "They will cheat you yet, those Junkers!"

And JOHN BULL tells you that Britain's Junkers, the men who have so long held the strings of the national purse and pulled the wires of political power, "will cheat you yet" unless you keep on your guard.

But what can the "common man" do? Can paradise be gained even by thought and work and votes? Can the "common man" compel his rulers to carry out his will simply because it is the will of the majority of the people?

Yes; these things can be done. No greater mistake could be made than to underestimate the power of public opinion.

Not counting the many occasions upon which a solid public opinion forced action upon pre-war Governments, consider how strongly it has influenced Governments since the war began.

It drove Chamberlain clean out of office. It wafted Churchill from political exile into the Premiership. And, two years ago, it compelled even Winston to reshuffle his own Cabinet.

These, if you like, were changes necessitated by the stark emergencies of total war.

BUT we have journeyed far along the path of progress since then. The Beveridge Report, whether the Government implement it fully or only in grudging and partial instalments, was born of the people's will, and will be sustained by dogged popular support.

The farm labourer has secured his still inadequate minimum wage by the will of the people. The old age pensioner gained his paltry supplementary pension because public indignation could not be appeased with anything less.

Service pay was forced up by popular demand and women were granted equality of compensation for the same reason. Pension appeal tribunals are being set up because the public insisted upon them.

And soon the Royal Warrant itself will be revised, not at the bidding of any one Party, but simply because the people—the great majority of an almost disenfranchised electorate—forced their representatives in Parliament to back the unrecorded mandate of "the common man."

But there is still much fighting to be done before the Pensions battle is finally won.

JOHN BULL's steadfast purpose is to support "the common man's" fight to make life worth living for himself and his neighbours in all countries ready to put justice and honesty before profit and self-interest.

Nevertheless, in the last analysis, "it all depends on you." You must think, work, fight. You must be ever vigilant.

Great reforms are not won by casting a vote in a single election. They can only be won by the steady and persistent effort of a sufficient number of people who know their own minds—not necessarily a majority of the total population.

Play your part. By reading and study, all can improve their political and economic knowledge. Take an active interest not only in national but also in local politics, for the two are closely related and largely interdependent.

What is vitally important to the country as a whole is that this free people should choose men of sense and integrity to represent them in Parliament.

They must become politically "conscious": they must join actively in any movement in which they believe, and they must never weary, in season or out of season, in asking loudly for what they want.

Let them do that and they may be as sure of winning the peace as all of us are now sure of winning the war.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR



By THE EDITOR

Rt. Hon. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, M.P., Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR STAFFORD,—I have always regarded you as a man who hates shams and hypocrisies, whether they are social, commercial or industrial. For that reason it must have been particularly galling to you when you received recently a letter from Mr. J. H. Wootton-Davies, the Conservative Member for Heywood and Radcliffe.

Mr. Wootton-Davies, in his letter, protested that when you paid a Sunday visit to a Lancashire factory 750 workers were brought in specially and paid double rates.

Your official reply to this protest was that the "secret" visit—it was apparently known to the workers a fortnight beforehand—was worth while, and that the extra expense of Sunday work would be easily compensated for by the extra effort in production as a result of your visit.

These "secret" visits are farcical. Every soldier, sailor and airman knows them, the additional work they entail, the spit and polish expended whenever a brass-hat pays a visit of inspection.

Every hospital experiences the same furious clean-up when the big shots pay a visit. And these visits are all eye-wash, as you must know.

They don't do harm. They create good impressions; and certain underlings get pats on the back. But may I suggest that Ministerial visits which disturb the normal routine and production of vital factories are not only harmful but arouse suspicion in the minds of workers?

Window-dressing should not be necessary in our factories. You should see for yourself.—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President of the Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—We took a pride in British goods before the war. Our craftsmen and our factories turned out products which were the envy and despair of competing nations.

It is all the more deplorable that in these days of labour shortage so much shoddy stuff should be marketed under the control of your Department.

Children's shoes (four coupons) fall to pieces after a few weeks' wear. Women's utility corsets—spare my blushes—are inferior in quality and ineffective in wear. Stockings, I am told, are driving women crazy.

My knowledge of economics is not so profound as yours, but I still believe that the cheapest goods are the dearest in the long run.

It is difficult enough to make coupons spin out when the goods one buys are sound and durable. But when those precious coupons have to be given up for badly made, shoddy goods the housewife is rightly indignant.

The needs of the Fighting Forces come first. That, a stock argument, cannot be disputed, yet your Department should realise that civilians, too, have a place in the war time scheme of things.

"Little and good" is a better motto than "much and shoddy." Spare our kiddies' feet this coming winter.—JOHN BULL.

THERE'S ANOTHER WAR ON HERE

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

"No," he said. "You get your ration and you must be satisfied."

They were not satisfied. They hired a car and they went for a ride. And when they came back they had two pounds of butter, which they asked the waiter to look after and serve.

"Why didn't you report them to the police?" I asked the waiter.

"What's the use?" he replied. "I'd only have lost my job and the racket would still go on. In any case, I think that certain people who matter know jolly well what's going on. I could easily get more than my rations. I don't."

As the waiter talked to me the sunlight seemed to dim a little; and the thought of the men and women fighting and sweating for Britain, and the world, almost overwhelmed me.

I may be wrong, but I fancy that in hundreds of farmsteads and smallholdings throughout the country the cream and butter racket goes on, especially in isolated communities.

Other rackets, too. I hadn't been here a day before I was offered a car to drive myself.

Mr. S. F. ROUS, Secretary, Football Association

DEAR SIR,—Often in the past I have lamented the shortsightedness of your Association. It has wielded its authority in dictatorial fashion, and has resisted with die-hard vigour any attempts to brighten up the game.

Now, it seems, the wave of social reform and progress which is rolling over Britain is beginning to lap at the stronghold which is the F.A.

One recommendation in the Association's memorandum on post-war Soccer deeply interests me. It is a proposal which would divert some of the Football Pools' proceeds into a central fund for the betterment of the game.

Football, badly hit by the war, has carried on in makeshift yet admirable fashion. Clubs have struggled bravely against financial adversity; some have had their grounds "blitzed"; others have had difficulty in raising teams, and raising interest on overdrafts.

Pools have made immense profits out of football. And the Football Pool Promoters' Association has expressed its readiness to co-operate in any scheme designed to benefit players and the game generally.

Soccer can do with a Beveridge Plan. It has stood still for many years so far as the governing body is concerned. These latest proposals prove that the F.A., happily, is awakening to the fact that sport, like social life generally, must move with the times.

But why wait for the war to end? NOW is a good word.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES JARMAN, Nat. Union of Seamen: Congratulations on Pay-as-You-Go system of income tax for the Merchant Navy. When it comes into operation—probably in November—your members will be envied by the rest of us who are always kept in debt to the State. We'll fight to make the reform general.—JOHN BULL.

"But," I protested, "it's illegal. There's no self-drive now."

"Oh, that's all right," said the garage proprietor, "I'll book you as my employee."

I discovered that men with cars for hire were linking up at certain places whereby a customer could travel twenty or thirty miles legally from one place to another instead of the ten miles prescribed by regulations.

They compared by telephone their traffic, or trade, for the day and then so arranged their cars that people and luggage were transferred from one car to another at a place midway between towns twenty miles apart. All legally correct, but—

They say you can get away from the war. So you can if you reckon the war in terms only of busy shipyards, smoking steel plants, humming factories and, maybe, the occasional wail of the siren.

But you can't get away from the war's wrongdoers—the paltry little people who are out to make money while the sun shines on battlefields of death and cities of destruction.

You never will. The people who have seen least of the war are, I am convinced, those who are exploiting it the most.

I could go on for pages. But my small daughter demands my presence on the beach. . . . But the sweets of a long-overdue holiday are leaving a bitter taste of reality in my mouth.

LORD TYRRELL,

President, The British Council

MY LORD,—Your Council has often been criticised, and its cost questioned. But it seems to me that your latest report is proof that there is justification for your existence.

English—that language which is the clarion voice of freedom to the subjugated peoples of the world—is coming into its own.

In neutral countries the teaching of our language is spreading. The distribution of English books in foreign lands is growing.

After the war a man or woman who speaks our tongue will be admired. Awaiting them will be a gracious welcome; around them will be an atmosphere of gratitude.

To-day we think internationally. Tomorrow, we may well think in terms of speech—and the one speech, I hope, that will run across the world will be the tongue of the Anglo-Saxon, Champion and Saviour of Christendom.—JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. Sir DONALD SOMERVELL, The Attorney-General

DEAR SIR DONALD,—Your address is given in "Who's Who" as the Royal Courts of Justice. How often some men who sink through the City to their luxurious homes must smirk as they pass the Law Courts in the Strand!

They are making money. They are making your laws look foolish.

They are engaged in an anti-social war—not the war that we are straining strenuously to win, but the war of easy money.

In the final stages of the debate on the Finance Bill you were told by an M.P. that "in these days buccaneers went into the City, and by nefarious transactions evaded liabilities which the rest of the community accepted without complaint."

You have agreed to amendments in the Bill to check the activities of these pirates—for pirates they are so far as income tax and legitimate trading are concerned.

Sock them, Sir Donald—and don't hold your punches!—JOHN BULL.

BLUE-GREEN-GREY under summer sunlight, the sea murmurs within a hundred feet of me. The fragrance of summer roses comes through the windows; and now and again I hear happy laughter.

I am in holidayland for the first time since the war began. Around me stretch miles of moorland and wooded hills; and thousands of miles of sea.

Sea. Just as I was going to write that you would never know there was a war on, the familiar drone of a plane's engine broke the afternoon stillness.

I went to the door of the hotel and saw two big planes of Coastal Command well out to sea, keeping that constant watch and ward over our shores which has meant so much in the anti-U-boat war.

One plane tried out its guns. The rat-tat-tat-tat came faintly over the waves, and people in tennis shirts, bathing suits and shorts stopped to stare into the skies.

As I wrote this I remembered further evidence that, peaceful and serene as this delightful spot may seem, the war is still with us. The waiter—a man of decency and integrity—told me something of the way the BLACK MARKET operates in this apparently harmless scene.

Four gross-overfed people complained to him about the scarcity of butter. Couldn't they have a little more?

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WAITING FOR BEVERIDGE—By MAURICE FAGENCE

★ Savings and even sticks of furniture are disappearing as 2,400,000 old-age pensioners try to make do on the same paltry incomes as before the war. But they do not complain. And so the public imagines they are contented with their lot. Here are stark facts that should open everyone's eyes.

There's No Crime In Being Old

OLD age is the despair of those battling to get it something more than a mere existence.

For old age is so patient. It is so resigned not only to small mercies but to no mercies at all.

And it is often too proud to admit to poverty even when it is crushed beneath the overwhelming burden of it.

I learned this when I spoke to some dozens of old age pensioners in London's East End.

I might have come away feeling they were quite contented with their lot

if I hadn't enjoyed the company of a man who knows how to break through their vast barriers of reserve.

Years of work for these old folk through the Federation of Old Age Pensions Associations had taught him how to do that.

I found you have to read many well-concealed signs of poverty before you know what they are suffering.

For these people tell you so little. They never whine.

One sign is the table they "keep." Those words look strange to me now that I have written them. Of course, one is usually speaking of the affluent man when one refers to the table he "keeps."

Always Bad Days

Cocoa, bread and marge—and nothing else. That is the table many old age pensioners have to keep.

Cocoa made with water because their milk bottles are so small. And with very little sugar.

And sometimes lard instead of the marge, for fat rations are cheap and mustn't be wasted on the grounds that you have nothing to fry with them!

Of course, I might have come away thinking I had called on a bad day.

But my friend makes a practice of calling on many days—and they are always bad days.

But you don't question the old folk too closely about it if you are wise. As I have said, they are proud.

You just accept it as a sign and go to the little grocer's down towards the dock gates—and he tells you of long processions of these old people leaving such rations as butter and bacon and egg (in the singular) on his hands.

Rarely because they can't afford it. Oh, no. Only a few of the younger old will say that before greater age has given them patience and resignation.

In the main they leave the shop paying tributes to haricots and whatever other cheap and nutritious foods they hug to them—as if they would buy nothing else if they were millionaires.

Yes, you have to look for signs.

The men wear caps and shiny suits. Mufflers in the interests of comfort—never economy. Canvas shoes because they are soft to the feet—never because they are cheap.

Didn't Weigh Comfort

You look at the mantelpiece and see young men whom it is so easy to recognise as having become the old fellows before you—and they don't wear caps and mufflers and canvas shoes.

Apparently they didn't weigh comfort then. You'd judge them as solid and well-dressed wage-earners paying hefty taxes.

Perhaps in the hope that as they looked after the State, the State would one day look after them!

The same is true of the women. Substitute straw hats for the men's caps,

The King remembers them with a telegram on their golden wedding. But how many forget them altogether?

faded velvet for their shiny suits. The picture is the same.

They're a generation or so behind in fashions. But photographs on the mantelpiece show them as pretty young women who weren't even a year behind in fashion.

Here is the nation's concealed poverty. The history of old age pensions in this war is certainly something to blush about.

The basic old age pension rate—10s. a week—is the same as on the day war broke out.

This despite the fact that the cost of living has risen by 30 per cent.

It is what we pay the poor old soul who goes to live with a relative or friend who'll put up with him or her whatever happens. Even if the pension is reduced to nothing. Even if incapacity grows to the stage at which the pensioner should have a full-time nurse.

Or if married sons or daughters will deny themselves children to give them maintenance.

These golden-hearted people save the State many millions a year.

But added to the basic rate to-day—it was granted early in the war—is a supplementary pension.

Of 3,800,000 old age pensioners, some 1,400,000 on latest figures are getting that supplementary award.

CHEAP RENT MEANS RED RUIN

WELL need a Solomon to solve some of the problems this war will leave behind.

Let us tell you of one that has become acute already.

You—not we—shall be the Solomon.

★ ★ ★

When London had suffered ninety nights of continuous blitz, a London property company found 230 empty houses on its hands.

Because empty houses soon decay, and because it could see no end to bombing, it let them at rents representing a tremendous loss.

Now it seeks relief in the shape of higher rents.

It has asked the local authority, and the local authority, feeling unable to decide, has called in the Ministry of Health.

But it isn't easy for the Ministry of Health.

For 400,000 young men now fighting the country's battles are in

I met some recipients of supplementary awards in the East End. They get up to 35s. for an old couple, so long as over-high rents and other hardships grind their noses sufficiently deep in the dust.

My escort told me—they wouldn't; they are so apt to suspect newcomers of snooping—what some of them had to do before they got their supplementaries.

One was left a £120 insurance by her husband.

Savings Exhausted

She ate into that money pound by pound until there was only £3 left before she dare ask the Poor Law for an increase of pension.

Another—a man—had saved £300.

He had scraped for forty years to get it. And not until there was less than £2 left did he get alarmed and seek extra help from the Poor Law.

Do you want official proof that old age lives in a condition of concealed poverty?

There'd have been no supplementary pensions if, in the early days of the war, a large number of old age pensioners hadn't been driven to the Poor Law for extra shillings like the people I mentioned.

much the same position as that big building company.

They were among the prudent millions who were buying their own homes through building societies when the war broke out.

They were called up. And because they are young they were called up early.

In those days houses were a drug on the market, especially when bombing was at its height.

So when these 400,000 decided to let their wives go to live with relatives—either for reasons of economy or to enable their womenfolk to have company while they were away—they accepted absurdly small rents, in some cases one-tenth what they had undertaken to pay the building societies for the same property.

★ ★ ★

They are, indeed, immeasurably worse off than that big property company.

For the standard rent for the

There arose a tide of feeling against the old folk seeking such help. JOHN BULL made vigorous protest.

And when 275,000 pensioners were getting extra shillings from the Poor Law in this way it was decided that the State should take the burden over from the local authorities.

The State expected those 275,000 people to ask for extra help. But at once 1,000,000 old men and women applied for it.

Dire Need

And got it. Their proof of dire need was beyond doubt. Most of them were living in utter misery.

They hadn't dared to make known their complete poverty before because of their abhorrence of Poor Law.

Think of this fact, when you pay 2s. 4d. for a packet of twenty cigarettes—some old single people had 4s. left for everything when they had paid their rent, couples 10s.

Old people who were bombed out and were sent into the country had billeting allowances deducted from their pensions—and found themselves with nothing.

The London County Council gave 2s. a week increased blind allowance to old pensioners who had lost their eyesight.

And a niggardly State at once knocked that 2s. off their old age pensions.

Well, supplementary pensions to meet hardship—and that's the only ground on which they are awarded—have certainly helped. Not much. Just a little. Just enough to make life tolerable.

But 2,400,000 get no supplementary. What of them?

Not even Beveridge offers them complete justice.

He would give them an immediate 2s. 6d. increase for a single man, 4s. for a married couple.

Not until twenty years have elapsed would married couples draw £2 a week and single men 24s.—and even then there would be a few rare exceptions.

And the State won't even accept that!

Cannot Wait

My headline, "Waiting for Beveridge," would be meaningless here.

For these poor, patient, kindly souls cannot wait twenty years.

They must either get a modicum of Beveridge now, or never this side of the grave.

houses owned by that company is the rent charged before the war.

But the standard rent for those 400,000 thrifty young men is THE FIRST RENT CHARGED.

Typical is the case of a young infantryman who has got to pay his building society £6 9s. a month for the next eighteen years.

★ ★ ★

He accepted a rental of 5s. a week. It is quite on the cards that war time protection of tenants' security—a protection in which JOHN BULL rejoices—will last another eighteen years.

That means that he may never be able to get his property back in that eighteen years—and will be compelled to accept for the property a rent which must never exceed 5s. a week, which to him and his will represent red ruin.

Well, you are the Solomon.

We don't envy you.

We don't envy the Ministry of Health.

M. R.



★ Last week, in terse official language, the high success of the RAF's minelaying campaign was acknowledged. This week, "inside" facts and figures are revealed

By a JOHN BULL Reporter

ONE in every seven of all R.A.F. Bomber Command's sorties is devoted to aerial minelaying.

One in every ten of its total of killed and missing men is a minelayer.

Those are two surprising and significant facts about the R.A.F.'s most secret service, which reaches the peak of its silent effort when Invasion Hour draws near.

Only rarely we read, "Last night our aircraft laid mines in enemy waters," but night after night these airmen go out, where ships can't go, or go with safety, employing a weapon that has changed the face of minelaying warfare.

No longer is any old plane pressed into service; now the mighty four-engined Lancasters, Stirlings and Halifaxes, often doing 1,500-mile round trips, form the long-range striking force of our minelaying fleets.

No Communication

From Norway to Bordeaux and Gibraltar to Syria aerial minelayers seal the enemy's harbour, block his sealanes, and add to the general paralysis of his communications.

How hard are they hitting their mark? Well, what about the news that Rotterdam is no more use to the Germans, but the whole truth can't yet be known.

Only once in a while are results immediately seen. But some striking facts are known:

In fifteen recent months the R.A.F.'s minelayers flew three million miles.

In six of those months they made more sorties than in the first two and a half years of war and increased the number of mines laid nearly tenfold.

In the same period more than 160 Axis ships were sunk or damaged and seventeen specially equipped German minesweepers were themselves among the known victims.

Casualty information is inevitably scanty. It's merest chance that occasionally tells the tale:

A Coastal Command pilot flying near a submarine base in the Bay of Biscay saw a U-boat surface. He swung into position to attack.

But before he could fire a shot or drop a depth-charge an explosion not of his causing hurled the U-boat's stern high out of the water and she sank.

What seemed like magic was one more of Bomber Command's mines doing its work.

Grimmest Battlefield

Other U-boats are known to have been air-mined. Sealing their hide-outs comes high on the list of the aerial minelayers' operations.

Grimmest of battlefields in the war of wits between minelayers and minesweepers are the Baltic, and the Kiel Canal and its approaches.

Through these waterways move with increasing difficulty vital supplies of iron-ore and aluminium from Scandinavia to Germany's war industries.

Every month, in trying to maintain the traffic, ships are lost which



It should cause yet another break in the Axis transport lines. Already our mines have destroyed at least 400 ships—and probably many more

RAF's 'Secret Service' Hits the Nazis

are desperately needed to help overburdened canal and railway systems.

The Nazis are now having to bribe neutral seamen to brave the mine dangers.

Other evidence of loss is the increase in sea and shore flak the Germans have been forced to mobilise.

Of course, our airmen don't have an easy time. Risks are all the greater, as the mines have to be dropped from a low altitude to ensure accuracy in placing them.

Lately one pilot, in avoiding gunfire, found himself only a few feet above the sea, with one of his wings striking the waves and being partly ripped away.

Another, in a Halifax, escaped with a scratched hand when a shell burst inside his plane's nose. He skated over the water and got away because the enemy gunners either thought he had crashed or

were unable to depress their guns low enough to fire at him.

And so, from Norway to Syria along thousands of miles of coasts, our minelayers sow death and destruction to Axis shipping, and scarcely a word is heard of them.

Too often they hear absolutely nothing of the results of their labours.

Even last week's official news that, due to those labours, at least 400 enemy warships and supply vessels have been sunk, tells only part of the story.

The true figure, as the communiqué said, is probably much higher.

Only history will reveal the whole truth. And that, says Bomber Command Chief Sir Arthur Harris, the man who knows most, "will show enemy shipping losses in our air-laid minefields as a major contribution to the outcome of the war."

Fascist Toughs Take the Stage

NAZIS and Fascists are closing their ranks to fight for survival—and the foulest of them are just good enough to lead the struggle.

In Italy, Mussolini's recent purges have made room for many of his earliest collaborators of the "castor-oil and murder school" which helped him to power.

To retain his battered people as pawns in his last gamble—whether they like it or not—he has recalled Carlo Scorza. A man whose name is unfamiliar to the world and almost forgotten in Italy itself. But painfully remembered by those Italians who had experienced Scorza's methods!

This "old friend of Mussolini" began by offering his services to rich men who wanted favour from the Fascist Party.

They had to pay him for "protection" or be persecuted.

It was a profitable racket—until Mussolini had to try to make Fascism "respectable." Then Scorza and his ruffians were given the honourable title of Old Fascist Fighters and pushed into the background.

Now, at the age of forty-six, he is back in power. Everyone who knows his record knows what it portends.

Already his reappearance on the political scene has been accompanied by mass arrests throughout Italy. New decrees are issued with complete disregard for the people they affect.

Scorza and his men are not squeamish about the means by which to maintain Fascism.

Their principles are not unlike those of the men whom Hitler, by a stroke of the pen, has made into Germany's most powerful Party bosses.

They are the eighteen new generals of the Armed S.S. Black Guards. By promotion to supreme rank in the Party's toughest formation, they become the actual rulers of Germany's home front.

They must rally the Nazi toughs and the German people to a last-ditch battle, maintain morale under a constant hail of bombs, keep order even in the rubble-covered streets of Western Germany.

Among them, of course, is Kaltenbrunner, Heydrich's successor and chief of the Gestapo. But there is also Bohle, the insidious leader of the "Foreign Germans," who will now supervise and terrorise the multitude of foreign workers imported into Germany.

There are Frank and Henlein, the semi-Czech gangsters who betrayed the

All Set for

ZERO hour is imminent and the stage is set for the most momentous scene in human history. Whether in the scale of the operations involved or in the vastness of the stake that is in the balance there is no parallel to the events on the brink of which we stand.

In such a moment prophecy is idle. What we can usefully do is to strike a rough balance sheet of the forces, material and moral, that are now brought to the final grapple.

Those forces should be seen against the background of the past. Think of those grim July days of 1940. Think of those anxious days of July, 1942. Rommel in striking distance of Suez. The Germans deep in the Caucasus. Stalingrad at its last gasp and the Volga apparently lost.

Seen against this perspective, the shape of the war is sensationally reversed. Germany is at bay. The Axis is locked in its European fortress.

IT HAS SUFFERED MIGHTY DISASTERS—EAST, SOUTH AND WEST. THE DIRECTION OF THE WAR HAS PASSED TO US.

But, on the other hand, the task before us is great and incalculable. Invasion by sea is always a perilous adventure, and the invasion of an embattled and fortified Continent is without precedent.

Germany has still the mightiest military machine in the world, and on the defensive all her resources will be centralised.

Interior lines give her the advantage of swift mobility, while the control of all the industrial power of the Continent should assure her supplies.

But the weaknesses of her position are great. Her fortress is too big. While Hitler was on the offensive and could strike here or there as he chose a solid Continent behind him was a terrific fact.

★ We face mankind. But we have

But now the war has the vastness

Five thousand miles defended against the air and the sea and where he chooses and secrecy in North Africa.

Consider this two facts. The army is bogged down and are not withdrawn weakness there is a tidal flood from

He must move the West with the forces. Is that a quote? The most realistic estimate of mainly in Russia a half million flower of his front

This is a greater than German losses war, when in the power was exhausted. And, remember out of the war.

And the deficiencies of the on a short war, roads and neglect

That was of It has been agreed we have wage marshalling yards coastal transport

Now, with crescendo, he is rapid transport where over the Norway to Greece

I have been official German gravity of Hitler

In striking Germany in 1941 "no adequate beginning of the

Her rolling Peacetime requirements

It was defined in quality: Two things first years of the many has been so far as rail

(2) She was able of Europe in the

This enabled campaign. But countries is ex

And the on

Czechoslovak Republic to Hitler and have since used the vilest methods to keep the gallant Czech people down.

There are Elzgruber, Reiner and Rauter, the Austrian quislings who pursued their political ambitions even in peace time by blackmail and assassination.

Hitler knows there is nothing these men will not cheerfully do to retain their well-paid jobs and the power which command of large, tough units of the S.S. Black Guards gives them over their fellow-Germans.

Only one man among them does not seem to suit this description—Baron von Neurath, ex-Foreign Minister, aristocrat and "conservative."

His appointment is equally significant. He will have to keep his own class, the German Junkers and industrialists, tied to the Nazi Party to the bitter end.

Yet, somehow, all these last-ditch measures hold a grave danger for Hitler and Mussolini.

The new terror-bosses know that, without them, Hitler and Mussolini cannot survive, and that they do not necessarily need the dictators to carry on as they please.

There is no loyalty among gangsters. WILLI FRISCHAUER.

e for the Final Phase

★ **We face the mightiest military task that has ever confronted mankind. Failures, great losses and hard knocks must be expected. But we have the measure of the enemy—and the weight of material we need to carry out the task to a victorious end**

By A. G. GARDINER

But now that he has lost control of the sea the vastness of the fortress is a liability.

Five thousand miles of sea frontier has to be defended against an enemy who commands the air and the sea, and who can strike when and where he chooses. Witness the suddenness and secrecy of the triumphant descent on North Africa.

Consider this in relation to two facts. The bulk of Hitler's army is bogged in Russia. He dare not withdraw it, for any weakness there would let in the tidal flood from the East.

He must meet the war in the West with the balance of his forces. Is that balance adequate? The most conservative estimate of his losses, mainly in Russia, is four and a half million men—the flower of his front line.

This is substantially greater than the total German losses in the last war, when in October, 1918, Ludendorff announced to the Reichstag that German manpower was exhausted and the end had come. And, remember, Russia had then long been out of the war.

And the second fact is the notorious deficiencies of Hitler's transport. He gambled on a short war, relied on his spectacular motor roads and neglected his railways.

That was one of his many major blunders. It has been aggravated by the ceaseless war we have waged by air and sea upon his marshalling yards, his locomotives, and his coastal transport.

Now, with the war in the West rising to a crescendo, he is faced with the problem of the rapid transport of his troops and supplies anywhere over the whole continent of Europe from Norway to Greece.

I have before me an analysis based on official German documents which shows the gravity of Hitler's transport problems.

In striking contrast to Hohenzollern Germany in 1914, Nazi Germany in 1939 had "no adequate reserves of rolling stock" at the beginning of the Second World War.

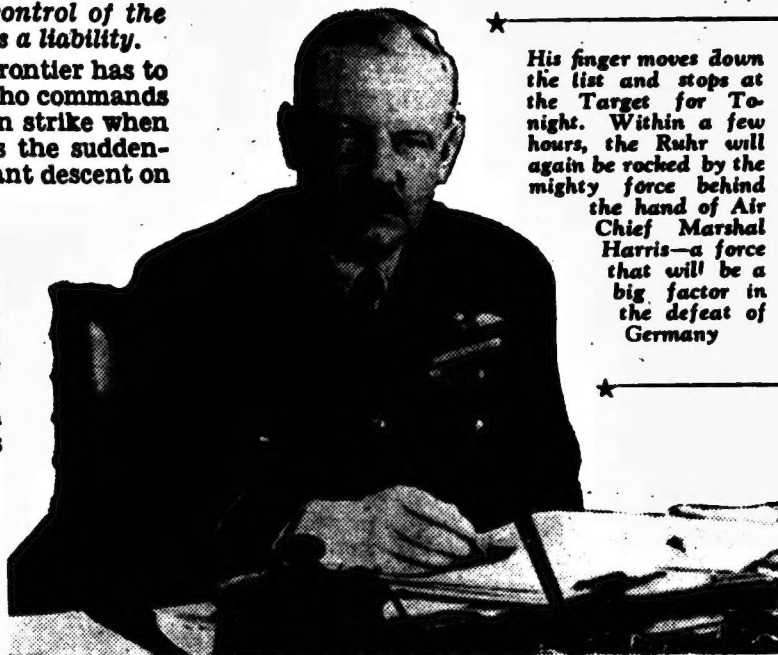
Her rolling stock was not even able to fill peacetime requirements.

It was deficient in quantity and obsolete in quality.

Two things have enabled it to survive the first years of the war. (1) So far Nazi Germany has been able to fight on one front only so far as railroad transport is concerned. (2) She was able to loot the whole rolling stock of Europe in the first years of the war.

This enabled her to equip her vast Russian campaign. But the looting of the occupied countries is exhausted. It cannot be repeated.

And the one-front war is over. Transport



★ His finger moves down the list and stops at the Target for Tonight. Within a few hours, the Ruhr will again be rocked by the mighty force behind the hand of Air Chief Marshal Harris—a force that will be a big factor in the defeat of Germany

is needed to meet the threatened invasion on every front from the North Sea to the Aegean.

Meanwhile the destruction of rolling stock, factories and repair shops by our bombers is intensifying her growing transport famine.

Add the sabotage that is prevalent all over occupied Europe. Add also the shortage of oil fuel, and it will be apparent that Germany's capacity to wage war on every front will be strained to the breaking point.

Transport is the rock on which Nazi Germany will probably founder.

Hitler's fortress is too big and he is already preparing to shorten his defensive perimeter. But how? Can he surrender Norway? Or Italy? Or the Balkans?

If he retreats voluntarily anywhere the whole of his jerry-built structure will rock to its foundations.

Even within the limits of the Reich itself he will not be secure. For the Reich has no roof, and the Allied dominion of the air, now finally and overwhelmingly established, is the supreme fact of the war.

It has brought the horrors of war into Germany herself for the first time for more than a hundred years. And it has brought them in advance of invasion.

It has knocked away the very keystone of German war strategy. The first principle of that strategy was that wars were to be sprung suddenly upon the victim and waged on the victim's territory only.

Even in the last war, which Germany lost, no drop of German blood was spilled on German soil. It was to be so in this war. Goering guaranteed that.

The ruined cities of the Ruhr are the terrific comment on that boast. And the punishment has only begun.

There is a further factor, no less formidable than the air, that comes into the reckoning—the sea.

It was Hitler's original calculation that he would knock out the British Navy from the air.

When he lost control of the air he was equally confident that he could paralyse us by the submarine. He came unpleasantly near to doing it, but not near enough.

No passage in Mr. Churchill's speech at the Guildhall was more cheering than the news he brought from the Atlantic regarding the May drive in the Battle of the Convoys.

The danger-point has passed. Our new air strategy at sea has had impressive results, and the Battle of the Atlantic, if not actually won, is being won. Our position at sea today is stronger than it has ever been since France was betrayed.

The conquest of the Mediterranean is equivalent to the release of a million tons of shipping. The drop in U-boat sinkings is estimated to be the equivalent of two million tons. The bearing of this upon the prospects of invasion needs no stressing.

THE STRANGLEHOLD OF SEA POWER IS SLOW IN ITS OPERATION. BUT IT IS INEXORABLE AND FINAL. IT WAS THE CHIEF INSTRUMENT OF VICTORY IN THE LAST WAR. IT WILL HAVE THE LAST WORD IN THIS.

There are two other factors which cannot be ignored in the estimate. One is the spirit of the peoples as the great moment of decision approaches. In this respect we have abundant reason for satisfaction.

Under the dramatic strokes of the last six months the spirit of the Allied Nations has risen as that of the enemy nations has fallen. We have achieved a solidarity of purpose and a loyal comradeship rare in the records of war and undisturbed except by such incidents as the vanities of de Gaulle and John L. Lewis.

As to the enemy peoples, their state of mind is reflected in the chaos in Italy and the panic deliverances of Goebbels.

Not less significant is the rising tide of rebellion throughout enslaved Europe. Every country is a potential Fifth Column waiting only for the hour to strike.

Finally, in the matter of leadership we can be of good heart. It is Hitler's blunders as much as our own steadfastness that have changed the current of the war. It is he whom we have to thank for making Russia and the United States our allies.

Compare this with the cool wisdom and imaginative vision which Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin have shown throughout this mighty ordeal and we shall not need to fear that they will fail us now.

The task is as formidable as any in the history of war. We must be prepared for failures, great losses and hard knocks.

We are dealing with desperate criminals who will do criminal things. But we have the measure of the enemy.

WE HAVE THE WEIGHT OF MATERIAL. WE HAVE THE MORAL IMPETUS OF MANKIND BEHIND US. AND WE SHALL NOT FAIL IF WE LIVE UP TO THE GREATNESS OF OUR ARGUMENT.

BLACK MARKET—THE REAL FACTS

THERE'S no Black Market in this country.

So a gratified House of Commons was informed the other day on behalf of the Ministry of Food.

Few more astonishing statements can have been made in public since this war began.

Can it be that Mr. Mabane, the author of it, has his own ideas as to what comprises a Black Market?

Does he think it should be painted black, or controlled by somebody named Black, and that, failing such things, it is not a Black Market, no matter how black its dealings?

Mr. Mabane should spend a few days on a more than superficial study of Covent Garden Market. I will give him sound help.

He should visit bars used by men who make no secret that they carry their money in wads of hundreds of pounds to deceive the authorities—although, of course, there are traders in the market who have good and legitimate reasons for carrying their money in notes.

He should meet the men who wouldn't be bothered picking up a few shillings change out of a pound.

Unless he is too recognisable as Lord Woolton's right-hand man, he may meet men who speak of "dropsy" as a good workman speaks of his wage packet—or something that is his by rights.

And what is "dropsy"? It used to be called "dropsey," but has been changed to "dropsy" out of some sort of compliment to our Russian allies—although I think the Soviet authorities would deal harshly and suddenly with any Russian who handled "dropsy."

It is money your accountant knows nothing about when he audits your books.

It is, therefore, money your income-tax inspector knows nothing about when he fixes your taxes.

It is money which, because you daren't pay it into the bank, you carry in rolls.

All this furtiveness is not merely to dodge income tax.

It is so that no one will know you are holding the people of this country up to ransom.

How? I think actual examples serve best.

When cherries were first coming in some dealers visited orchards and bought them at 1s. 2d. per lb.

Which suggests they are public benefactors, for the price they were entitled to get from the retail trade was 1s. 1½d. per lb.

Guileless Mr. Mabane probably thinks they were content with such a deal.

AMAZING PROFITS

But most of those cherries went to certain hotels and other privileged buyers.

Those buyers were prepared to pay 2s., 3s., even 5s. per lb. It is amazing how much an hotel can make out of a pound of fruit.

The hotel books, of course, show that they paid the controlled price. And that is what they did pay—by cheque.

The rest was handed over to certain Covent Garden dealers in Treasury notes, which is why traders of that calibre carry bundles of notes which they call "dropsy."

The same thing happened with strawberries and other soft fruits—has begun already with apples.

The rolls of "dropsy" were appreci-

ably fatter during the strawberry season. But what has the housewife got to grumble about? She gets cabbages. At a price.

Often at a very high price, because—although she gets no special bits until everybody else is satisfied—she has to help subsidise various hotels and other privileged buyers of luxuries.

I'll tell you how. Again I will give an actual instance.

CAUSE OF OVERCHARGING

A firm had early apples last week. Of course, they had to be sold at controlled prices.

But for every four boxes of apples you were permitted at controlled prices, you had to buy ten bags of cabbage at 10s. 6d. a bag—representing an overcharge of ten five-and-sixpences.

It has happened with lettuces. It has happened on a very big scale with radishes.

Can you wonder why housewives have had to pay up to 4d. per lb. for cabbages when the fair men of Covent Garden market were selling as low as 2s. a bag (36 to 40 lb.)?

Which explains in some cases why lettuces have been 1s. 6d. when they have been growing on the allotments like grass.

And why on other occasions very ordinary radishes have

been sold at out-and-out luxury prices. Make no mistake, dealers are not the only culprits.

Growers have said to Covent Garden market people: "I have strawberries—but I have cabbages and radishes as well. You must take some of each—at my price for the uncontrolled stuff."

HIGH PRICED VEGETABLES

Some firms just refuse and get strawberries by fair means. But one of the biggest and most trusted firms in the market, famous for strawberries for generations, and not quite so lucky, hasn't had a berry this year.

Retailers, too, have been tempted into this you-can-have-this-if-you-take-that attitude.

And it is certainly not unknown for retailers to pay ridiculous prices for ordinary vegetables to get fruit, pass those ridiculous prices on to the housewives, and then keep the fruit for hotel-keepers or the favoured few.

SWINDLING THE LITTLE MAN

ALL shopkeepers should make it a hard-and-fast rule not to give orders, especially when cash is requested in advance, to smart travellers who say they represent wellknown firms but who make excuses for not producing genuine credentials.

Several highly reputable manufacturing companies are very troubled at the present time, because a number of slick salesmen are going about the country misusing their names and getting orders, WITH MONEY, on the strength of them.

These impostors know they can never complete the orders, but as it's only the money they're after this doesn't worry them.

One, with a string of assumed names, including Haworth, Powell, and Hogg, has been very active in Lancashire recently and has duped numerous small traders.



The country is being held up to ransom by bad traders whom you will find right along the line from the farms and orchards to the shop counters.

It is reaching a point at which it is becoming more and more difficult for the good traders to play fair.

Always there is the vicious crack of the whip: "You'll trade in our way or you won't get supplies."

NO PROGRESS UNTIL—

When the Ministry of Food gets it into its head that Britain is not without a Black Market, as Mr. Mabane so surprisingly asserts, it will be possible to begin doing something.

Not until. For I can introduce the Ministry of Food to decent traders who have written to the Ministry of Food telling the truth—without getting as much as a reply.

And there won't be much progress until that Ministry—even if it has as many intuitions as Hitler himself—begins to listen to a bit of honest evidence.

One last word. Most small green-grocers don't know where the fruit is going. Or why none is available for them. Or why commonplace vegetables are so dear.

They are not taken into the confidence of the racketeers. And they are not much good for "dropsy," anyhow. So don't shoot at them.

The real culprits are the men who carry out big deals and make no record of them in their books—and those privileged customers who aid and abet them.

And we call them Black Market Racketeers—whatever nonsense Mr. Mabane may chatter.

He tells victims that "my firm" will give them special facilities to display the wares, but that cash must be paid in advance as a sign of good faith on the trader's side.

There's only one way to treat such Smart Alecks—insist on seeing their written authority!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. E. R. Marshall, Gopsall Street, Hoxton, London, N.1, has been awarded this week's £1 is. Information is welcomed about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

HOW CAN WE AVOID WAR-TIME STRIKES?

● Because 300 dock workers objected to a new scheme, fish cargoes worth £47,000 started to go bad.

Protesting against prices, skippers and mates at Milford Haven stopped work for eleven days.

Short stoppages are by no means rare.

First, we must realise that strikes never take place without a cause—that usually, whatever the triviality of the final reason given for a stoppage, it usually follows a long period of restiveness which is the result of the men feeling a long-standing injustice.

There are only two remedies that I know.

One is the more complete partnership in management between men and masters. The other is the explaining of every new regulation before it is imposed.

There is too much "bossing"—and too little co-operation.

IS PROXY VOTING SATISFACTORY?

● The Government, we are told, has adopted the Vivian Committee's plan for proxy voting by soldiers.

Certainly, serving men have as much right, if not more, to register their opinion as anyone else.

In effect, the plan entails only a postponement of the declaration of the result.

But I doubt if proxy voting of any kind is satisfactory, however admirable may be a voter's choice of a substitute elector.

On the one hand, it removes a soldier's sense of injustice. On the other, though, it still leaves him far from the election meetings; without a sight of the electoral addresses; without much knowledge of the rival candidates and their merits.

It enables them to vote "straight Party."

But I doubt if the majority of people, especially those overseas, are thinking like that to-day.

Still, we cannot stop the war merely in order to have old-time elections.

ARE LAND GIRLS 'SERVING'?

● Sometimes you would not think so.

Although the land girls have done wonders, there is still a distinction drawn between the Women's Land Army and the other Serving Forces.

A girl in the Women's Timber Corps writes me on behalf of thirty others that, when they arrived at a F.W.C.A. to spend a week-end, they were refused a bed, this because of a War Office regulation!

These lumber girls help to keep the mines supplied with pit props and the airfields with drome lights, telegraph poles and large timber. It is vital work.

"We have never been allowed to enter any Service canteen," says the letter. "Does the Royal crown and badge mean nothing?"

"Every land girl and lumber girl living miles from home regards the F.W.C.A. as a haven. Why, then, are we barred? All we get is vague replies."

Perhaps this complaint will alter things.

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And then

Sagas of the Suburbs. No. 7: HENDON

By WILL SCOTT

He Waited On Fortune

THEY told him: "You won't know Hendon, not after twenty years." So he left the Underground at Golders Green, because that was as far as the Underground used to go in his day.

And it was his day he was trying to recapture. He wanted to step back into his own past, not forward into somebody else's future.

He got his first shock at Brent, for there had been no Brent in his time. Where now stood the spick and span station had been open country.

He remembered in particular a field and a ditch and a row of tall trees. There his wife had gathered wild flowers in the days when pennies counted.

Field, ditch, trees, all had gone. Villas there were instead, and soon a wide arterial road.

The distance, too, had changed its shape. It was angular, like a lot of child's bricks thrown about. And when he came closer to the bricks he found that they were factories.

Not the sordid factories he had seen here and there in his boyhood days, but highly coloured and, really beautiful affairs, more like super-cinemas.

Presently he stood before another bit of Hollywood and blinked. Not because the sunshine jumped at his eyes from the big lake which seemed to be the only familiar thing left, but at the name on the building: The Old Welsh Harp.

The Old Welsh Harp. . . . "I think," he said to himself, "they might have left that alone."

And suddenly, for the first time in more than twenty years, he thought of Old Bloke.

Old Bloke, standing, rain or shine, not two hops from Hendon railway station, selling his shoelaces, seeing his visions, telling anyone who cared to listen that great days and great times were coming to Hendon.

"No need to go to America to make your fortune, sir," Old Bloke had said, on the very morning when he had set out for America. "Just stay home here and wait. Fortune will come to you."

And he had not been the only one in those days to think that Old Bloke was a bit cracked. Fortune come to these fields and lanes!

"You'll see," had been Old Bloke's sing-song. "All this countryside will be swept away. Great shops, great houses, cinemas, trains, buses, traffic. Oh,



★ He stood and blinked, not because the sunshine jumped at his eyes, but at the name on the building: The Old Welsh Harp

yes! Hendon will be one of the coming places. There'll be some money to be picked up here. And in your lifetime if not in mine."

He'd only laughed then. But now at long last he realised that Old Bloke had been right. He had gone all the way to America and made a fair bit. He might have sat here at home and waited and made as much.

"PEOPLE who haven't two beans to rub together now will be rich men before they die," Old Bloke used to say. "Hendon will do it for them. It will come."

Poor Old Bloke! With his shabby cuffs and his watery eyes and his little tray of shoelaces. It would be nice to see him again, even if he had reached the tall hat and cigar stage. Or hear about him if he had gone. . . .

He crossed the road and went into the vast building which had taken the place of the old pub he had known in the years gone.

A great Welsh harp, covered with neon tubes, stood over the door. He could scarcely believe it. Inside he found himself in the biggest saloon bar he had seen outside the States. Great

moons, held by silver hands to the coloured ceiling, threw light everywhere.

"How long has this place been here?" he asked the barmaid.

"Generations," she said. "I mean the actual building."

She didn't know. She was, she explained, fairly new to Hendon. He got the talk round to Old Bloke, but it was plain that she could not follow him.

He left The Old Welsh Harp and went up the road. Here change had not been so ruthless, and there were shops—and even names over them—that he recalled from the old days.

He turned to the right and there was the old railway station, looking exactly as it used to look in the time of Old Bloke—more like a large house than a small station.

He climbed, and the future sponged out the past once more. This had been country then. Now it was like a busy town. The hillside itself was here, but nothing else that had been.

The old village must still be there, up on the top somewhere. He wondered how you got to it.

He came to a great circle, a railed circle of green, round which red 'bus after red 'bus dashed, and gathered round it were tall shops and an Underground station and a high cinema.

Hendon Central. . . . Yes, how right Old Bloke had been.

And then, suddenly, like a fairy tale come true or an old photograph come to life, there was Old Bloke himself!

Twenty years older, and looking it, but Old Bloke himself without a doubt.

Standing outside the new Underground station, a tray in front of him, selling shoelaces. . . .

He stopped and went closer and smiled at Old Bloke, who smiled back

without knowing him. So he bought a pair of shoelaces and made himself known.

"Why, weren't you the young man who went to America to make his fortune, sir?"

"That's right."

"I remember. Yes," said Old Bloke. "Like a lot more of 'em. No vision, as I used to say at the time, sir. Had the idea that good luck just had to be over the hills and far away. Or round the corner, anyway."

HE pointed to the high cinema, the tall shops and the roaring traffic.

"I said it would come, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And there's many a nice little packet been picked up because of it by people who had the vision and the sense to wait. 'Course, some didn't see it coming, and they went away, and are they sorry now?"

He looked Old Bloke over. Shabby cuffs, as twenty years before. The same watery eyes. Down at heel. . . .

"Yes, sir, the wise men waited. I waited. I knew."

"Waited . . . for prosperity?" The very thought was grotesque, seeing him as he was to-day.

"Why, yes, sir. Sure," said Old Bloke.

"Why, believe it or not, since Hendon's grown like I always knew it would, I sell six times the number of shoelaces I used to sell in 1920."

HUMAN MACHINE

WHAT'S WHAT

● The number of people who can really reason is very few. The number who think they can reason is enormous.

Why the great difference?

Dr. Joad, in one of his books, gives a cynical explanation. "A man's reason," he says, "follows his likings as a dog's feet follow his nose. There is, in fact, at bottom, very little difference between reason and faith; for if faith is defined as the power of believing what we know to be untrue, reason is the power of kidding ourselves into believing that what we want to think is true, is true."

Well, that is more clever than scientific, though the danger he points to in his last sentence is always with us. We are, every one of us, only too inclined to prove—at least to ourselves—that those things are true that we wish to be true.

Darwin, the great naturalist, was very well aware of this. He always made a special point of writing down anything he came across that tended to disprove any theory he happened to be working on. He knew very well that, if he trusted to his memory, he would very quickly "forget" all such inconvenient facts!

Still, that doesn't prove that reason is a sham and a farce. What it does show, and what Joad really means, is that we cannot reason unless we can be intellectually honest, unless we cannot only recognise facts, but admit them to be facts however much they cut across our preconceived notions and our wishes.

The ability to know "what's what" really depends upon the ability to admit error when we are confronted with proof.

ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN MAD

DOWN on the Kent Coast, in the "Front Line," the Recruiter and District Women's Institute staged a staggering competition just recently. It was won by Mrs. C. G. Frankling, who managed to pack one hundred different articles into a matchbox!

When I first heard about it it took them three hours to bring me round.

At first hearing, you see, it's just impossible.

Even with small things like matches themselves the "average contents" only works out at fifty. And that's probably only forty-eight.

When I got over the shock and began to give the matter deep thought I decided it could be done, after all. You took the "average contents" and cut them in half. Result: one hundred match halves.

But only a male would think of that. When I read the account again I saw that Mrs. Frankling's record had been won with a hundred different articles.

And then I began to go a little mad, I

think. I began to have visions of collecting heads off pins and ladybirds' eggs.

After which I said "Impossible!" all over again and started to run a temperature.

My wife put me right. She began to make up a list, starting with a pin, a needle, a tealeaf, a grain of rice, and so on.

So that it would seem that packing a hundred different articles into a matchbox is really a woman's game. Mr. C. G. Frankling, whoever he may be, is unlikely to find undying fame in this direction. He's on my side of the fence, looking for peppercorns and ladybirds' eggs.

This is a great pity. When you think of all the things that men have done, and women haven't, it seems a shame that we cannot add to the rest of our talents the great gift of being able to pack a hundred different articles into a matchbox.

We can build slums and invent explosives and start wars. We can do no end of things like that. Why, then, are we

denied the art necessary to pack a hundred different things into a matchbox?

How different things would have been if men had been blessed with that rare gift!

Columbus might never have discovered America. Napoleon might never have left Corsica. "Sorry, old boy. I've just won the competition at the Men's Institute and I'm going into hard training for next year. I want to make it a hundred and one."

Even Hitler! Instead of going mad and turning the world into a shambles he might have settled down peacefully to trying to beat Napoleon's record with a hundred and two.

Though you never know. Trying to get a hundred different articles into a matchbox would drive most men so mad that they'd simply end up as dictators and turn the world into a shambles just to relieve their feelings.

Perhaps that's how Hitler started.

A. G.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

INTERESTING to see cotton cloth on sale at 2s. 10d. a yard. Before the war I sold hundreds of yards of this identical material at 5d. a yard!—"A. C.," Lancs.

Home Guards are fined for absence from duty; workers are fined for absenteeism. Why not fine M.P.s for non-attendance at Westminster?—E. W. Perry, Herbert Street, Portsmouth.

The air mail service from India is a scandal. We pay high postage rates for speed, yet an air mail letter from my husband took over three months to reach England, and up to date he has received none of mine!—"Gunner's Wife," Grimsby, Linco.

Married women interviewed for part-time work are questioned by hoity-toity girls who should be in the Forces. It irritates middle-aged women whose own daughters are in the Services.—Mrs. J. G. Humphreys, St. Helena, Lancs.

This is a crazy country! As an insurance clerk, if I am called up for Service I receive an allowance from my employers. If I volunteer I get no allowance!—"Clerk," Nottingham.

At a West End store I bought some cheese. I then had to go to one desk for the removal of coupons, to another desk with the cash voucher, then back to my assistant for my purchase. All very complicated when there is a shortage of labour!—C. Drayton, The Grove, Gravesend.

Soldiers on duty at a partly constructed camp have a real grouse. Labourers employed on the site have an all-day opportunity to buy up canteen stocks—while the soldiers are on parade.—"Gunner," Bedford.

I still need repairs to my house as the result of a raid in July, 1942. Though the rain is coming through the roof, I'm told that nothing can be done owing to labour shortage. Yet men are employed on painting a wall with a large advertisement for somebody's ales, already adequately advertised on the "Off-licence" adjoining.—Mrs. E. Greenwood, Harborne, Birmingham.

War widow after three months! She had known him for four months. She won his love, his name, his savings, his separation allowance—and now she will get a pension. But his mother, who made sacrifices for him, gets nothing!—"F. M.," Whitefield, nr. Manchester.

Why are 80 per cent. of charity events so expensively and carelessly administered? To avoid public suspicion there should be a careful check on admission money, etc. At a recent "Charity" match, eighty-five "guests" sat down to a free dinner!—"Ianto," South Wales.

EVERYTHING COUNTS

OUR war time production is on such a gigantic scale that large reserves of most raw materials are impossible, and any hold-up in supplies can mean an immediate weakening of our effort.

One U-boat victory over a convoy could cause a serious set-back in production by causing a shortage of some vital war materials.

That is one of the reasons why it is so necessary to save every scrap of paper, scrap metal, rags, rubber, bones and kitchen waste, for salvage.

Yes, even kitchen waste helps the war effort—because it ensures more home-produced eggs and bacon.

So do your best, won't you?

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "VOICE," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

REPORTED as "Missing," Sgt. P. A. Carver, serving with the R.A.F. in the Middle East, writes contradicting the report to his mother at College Street, Swindon, Wilts:

Did you get a telegram from the Air Ministry saying I was missing?—and one from me saying that I was O.K.?

Well, the first report was a bit premature. True, I was missing for a time, but I turned up again all right. It had got about that I was shot down during a spot of bother. What happened was that my plane caught fire and I baled out at 12,000 feet and came down into the sea about twelve miles from —

I was in my rubber dinghy for thirteen hours, and next morning saw a sailing-boat. I paddled to it and when I climbed aboard I found it was full of Germans escaping to Sicily (they thought).

They seemed quite cheery and said: "Well, you are out of the war now, and will be sent to Germany." I was not in the position to argue.

I had been with them about twelve hours when three of our destroyers steamed into sight and picked us all up. I thought it only right to tell my shipmates that it was they who were out of the war!

Two days later I landed at Malta, and after a wash and brush-up, to say nothing of a check-up, I was sent to a rest camp, where I had a good time before returning to my squadron. Now I'm fine and dandy.

One of the Germans gave me an automatic pistol, which I am keeping as a souvenir.

CRAZY CAR RIDE

From the air—and the sea—to another form of travel—Sgt. R. H. Davies, R.A.M.C., serving in India, writes to a friend at Elford Terrace, Roundhay Road, Leeds:

The native idea of driving a car in Lahore is to sound one continuous blast on the horn, shove a foot on the accelerator, and hope for the best.

So our trip by car lacked nothing in excitement when we were passing bullock carts, herds of cows and other obstacles.

We reached Amritsar in record time and drove through the narrow streets of the Bazaar quarter, with the populace and animals scuttling for safety at our approach.

Our destination was the Golden Temple. We were conducted to a lounge where we had to remove our shoes and stockings. Trouble came when we stepped into the Temple courtyard. The baked ground under a fierce sun was too hot for our Western feet; we were soon hopping about like dancing der-vishes.

The Temple was one of those lovely things that hold you spellbound; you are silent in the presence of great beauty.

GREAT GUN CREWS

A snapshot of the fighting in North Africa before our great victory is given by Tpr. F. Sutton, in a letter to his twin brother serving with the Home Forces:

Now it was our turn! Our tank slid forward between two that had been knocked out, and suddenly I felt as if

my eardrums had burst. It was hot fighting and Jerry was having a real "go" at us before packing up.

The gun crews were great, and stuck at the job until the turrets jammed or something else happened to make them hold their fire.

As we went forward three men had to bale out from their tank, and we saw them running and doubling back on their tracks in an attempt to take cover. Then one of our carriers dashed forward, picked them up and brought them back to safety.

I thought that our lot had not done too well, but was told afterwards that our job was only a feint. The real attack was made elsewhere, while we drew the enemy's fire and distracted his attention.

We were complimented for our part in the show. Luckily, we had no serious casualties.

NO FISH SHORTAGE

Serving in the Middle East, A.C./R. Bone, R.A.F., tells of sharks and other monsters met on the voyage out. He writes to his parents at Parson Street, Westminster, Bristol:

You have heard of sharks; well, you ought to have seen them following our ship. Great things 24 ft. long; tiger sharks, blue sharks, and other kinds. And they kept following us as if waiting for feeding time.

If a submarine had got us then, well, Mrs. Bone's boy would have been only a memory.

We used to shoot at them from the sides of the boat, but they knew how to avoid our gunfire. We also saw a giant ray fish, about 26 ft. across—and I'm not kidding.

At Basra we stayed a day and a night. Rations were a bottle of water and three packets of biscuits. These biscuits, I think, were old stock left over from the last war but airmen don't care.

He's quite a "little 'un" as sharks go—only 15 feet long. Our lads can tell of bigger real-life monsters

GIVING GOD THE GO-BY

WE never thought that we'd become grim and bitter, that one day we'd forget the way to smile. That all the dreams and hopes that spun about us would be ours for so brief a little while. That our beliefs would lose their shining glory, that we should look through eyes grown dull and bleak. What, then, has brought this utter change within us? Is it because we would not hear God speak?

WE never thought that we should lose proportion and only see life through a narrowing chink, not

EVEN MOTHERS AS THE TO LIVE HER OWN LIFE

★ If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

WE all know middle-aged parents who tyrannise their children, but readers sometimes tell me of children tyrannising over their parents. Even adults have the right to live their own lives!

Eleven years ago a naval man died leaving a widow and three young children to bring up. Hear her story:

My husband had a friend, she writes, who proved himself to be a real friend. He never forced himself upon us, but did everything he could without asking anything in return.

But we are both getting on in years and he has now asked me to marry him.

When I spoke to the children about the eldest boy said: "Well, Mum, you have been faithful to Dad's memory these years and now your life should be your own. I hope you will be very happy." The youngest boy says he will try anything once, and if he doesn't like it, he can always go and live with Granny.

But the girl, a fourteen-year-old, is resentful, and says she will not stay if I marry.

I worship these three children, and have worked and lived for them. I don't want to do anything which would hurt them.

I am sure my girl doesn't intend to mean. We have been so much to each other through all these struggles.

Perhaps I may be thought selfish, but I want to marry this friend so much, I am lonely, and there is a space in my heart that children can never fill. They can't understand that.

The two boys appear to be reasonable enough, and the elder boy is generous. The young girl is the real obstacle. A woman of forty-five cannot allow her life to be decided by a child of fourteen.

The girl will probably marry herself five or six years, and the mother will still have the prospect of another twenty-five years. Is she to be alone this time when there's a good man waiting to marry her?

I advise the mother to marry the man. I also suggest that the elder boy should have a straight talk to Miss Fourteen and try to make her see things from an unselfish point of view. Girls will generally listen to their elder brothers.

YOUNG people can be lonely, too—terribly lonely. Here is a passage from a letter from a soldier at twenty-one.

It is a quiet spot down here.

that we'd be, cross-grained with sharp suspicion, and all the best within us we would sink. We did not think we could become a cynic, nor lose the power of love and humour's way. What, then, has wrought this dreadful change within us? Is it because we've lost the way to pray?

THE answer is we've given God the go-by, and set out on our own small futile road, yet without God's Help in life we'll never make it, for life is too hard and holds too great a load.—J. M.



Robert Taylor and Pa... make an attractive pa... don't have to look like... to make someone

arest cinema is eight... only get out once a fe... have no girl friend... had let me down... most girls think that... uniform are out for a gay... I agree that some are... some of the girls tak... I have seen a girl g... ap until he is stony... for the next victim... Most of the decent gir... boy friend and they... ally, so what can a fel... There are hundreds... who would not lower... sponge on a fellow, but... and the right sort of ma... for them to find one... A newspaper cannot s... eduary. The responsi... too great. But there are... the W.V.S., dances, m... many kinds where you... meet, and one can ge... through pals. Welfare o... introduce a soldier to a... the district.

NOTHER young ma... is indignant becau... meets are all film-s...

Every time I look at... bled into me that I... very good looking. It ge... There is a smart, g... ere, but whenever I tal... alk of nobody but Rob... Ryan, Victor Mature s... hem.

It makes me terribl... when she can say nothi... ee what Robert was... Did you see the way... girl's hand? I feel lik... do you think you are?... Bedy Lamarr? But I... cause she is good looki...

Does she think one c... come over to have a d... perhaps marry her? B... crazy girls think they a... above ordinary folk, a... w Tom, Dick or Harry... The young man seems... quite a lot of girls—b... one in particular has... raddy. He doesn't like... against a glamorous st... I advise him to find... knows more or cares... not on— who is still... commambulist.

HE WAS THE RIGHT DOWN LIFE!



Robert Taylor and Patricia Dane make an attractive pair. But you don't have to look like a film star to make someone happy.

arest cinema is eight miles away and only get out once a fortnight.

I have no girl friend. The only one I ever had let me down. The trouble is that most girls think that all the boys in uniform are out for a gay time.

I agree that some are of that type—some of the girls take advantage of it. I have seen a girl go out with one chap until he is stony and then leave him for the next victim.

Most of the decent girls already have boy friend and they stick to him loyally, so what can a fellow like me do?

There are hundreds of decent girls who would not lower themselves to sponge on a fellow, but who are eager to find the right sort of man. The difficulty is for them to find one another.

A newspaper cannot act as an intermediary. The responsibility would be too great. But there are socials run by the W.V.S., dances, mixed parties of many kinds where young people may meet, and one can get introductions through pals. Welfare officers can often introduce a soldier to a nice family in the district.

ANOTHER young man of twenty-two is indignant because the girls he meets are all film-struck.

Every time I look at the screen it is shoved into me that I am not particularly good looking. It gets me down.

There is a smart, good-looking girl here, but whenever I talk to her she can talk of nobody but Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Victor Mature and the rest of them.

It makes me terribly self-conscious when she can say nothing but: "Did you see what Robert was wearing?" and "Did you see the way Clark held that girl's hand?" I feel like saying: "Who do you think you are? Betty Grable or Betty Lamarr?" But I can't say it because she is good looking.

Does she think one of these stars will come over to have a date with her and perhaps marry her? But all these film-struck girls think they are a grade or two above ordinary folk, and have no time for Tom, Dick or Harry.

The young man seems to be angry with quite a lot of girls—but I suspect that in particular has upset him pretty badly. He doesn't like being measured against a glamorous star. Nor would I!

I advise him to find a girl who either knows more or cares less about films; not one who is still a day-dreaming commambulist.

★ Comrade Savichev wouldn't call himself a hero. Just a cook in the Red Army. Though a giant, he was scared of the farmer's wife. But he knew how to deal with the Germans—though not how to dodge a frying-pan.

SAVICHEV is the man who spilt the salt.

At the time of the Red Army's great advance from Stalingrad across the Don Cossack country towards Kharkov in February this year, he had been serving with the 93rd Regiment of Artillery for two years.

He was the regimental cook—a very good one. And he had an amazing adventure.

Ragged by the men of the 93rd, he took it well in his simple, peasant way.

He weighed 280 lb., had flat feet, and his corns gave him trouble. In private life he was an all-in wrestler in a Soviet State circus.

Fighting Reporters

His story would never have been told had not Senior Lieutenant Vorobyov, a Red Army official reporter, chanced to be with his artillery unit when it happened.

All reporters with the Red Army are soldiers who fight with the rest of the troops. Lieut. Vorobyov was up in the front line in the rapid advance, and the story he wanted to write for *Pravda* was to be about the way the Red Army men were fed during fierce battles.

The Germans were shelling the Russian batteries and the 93rd, up with the infantry, were having a bad time. After a furious burst, someone popped his head out of the slit trenches and cried: "They've hit the cookhouse! Savichev's stopped one."

The motorised cookhouse lay on its side in a cloud of dust and smoke. They pulled the cook out and, to their surprise, he jumped to his feet, livid with rage and miraculously unhurt.

All he could manage was: "My salt! The dogs! I was holding my salt ready to sprinkle it into the stew and they blew up my cookhouse."

Battle-scarred Cookhouse

Now, like all Red Army cookhouses, Savichev's lorry went right up into the firing line to provide hot meals for the men. The cookhouse was scarred all over its armour with shell splinters and machine-gun fire.

When the going was too bad for the lorry to get a traction grip on the ground, Savichev used to crawl forward dragging his thermos containers with him.

"What's a bit of salt?" the battery commander chuckled. "You're lucky to be alive, man."

The giant cook heaved his shoulder under the side of the overturned lorry and, straightening up, set it right with a lurch. He rescued his pot of stew.

"Comrade Commander," he said, "only this morning I had to go back to the collective farm to get this salt. For good stew one must have salt. No salt, no good stew."

"Well, go back and get some more."

"Comrade Commander, at the collective farm there is an old woman."

"Are you frightened of an old peasant woman half your size?"

"This one has a sharp tongue, Com-mander. Fascists I do not mind, but an old woman who would set the dogs on me..."

The commander stopped the men's laughter. "Savichev, we've had nothing to eat for eight hours. Go and get some more salt, and make it snappy."

The cook set off through the wood at the back of the battery positions. Unknown to him or to the battery, he was observed by two German scouts sent out to gather information about Red Army troops in that area. They followed

The Comrade Who Spilt the Salt

By B. L. JACOT



In full fighting kit, a Russian cook crawls through bushes under fire—with cans of hot soup for the men in the front line

Savichev to the farm to lie in wait so that they could capture him alive for questioning.

Plucking up courage, Savichev knocked at the farmhouse door which was flung open to his dismay by the same old woman.

"Lady! Excuse me, please. I'm the Red soldier and..."

"You again? D'you think I have nothing better to do than answer knocking at the door? What d'you want? Or are you courting?"

"Lady! I had not thought of it. I have come to ask for more salt, please, if you can spare it for my comrades."

"More! What have you done with the salt I gave you this morning?"

"I spilt it, lady."

"Spilt it! More likely you are after my chickens."

"Please, lady! Only salt. I won't trouble you again."

"Salt, salt, salt, you lazy, good-for-nothing lump. Here, take this—and if you come again, you'll get my frying-pan at your head. Your mother should be ashamed of you!"

As the cook made his way carefully past the barns, hugging his lump of salt, the Germans sprang out and covered him with their tommy-guns. The shock almost made him drop the salt—but in the end it was the salt that saved Savichev.

He could not raise his hands without letting go of the salt, and he wasn't going to do that for anyone. The leading German hit him in the stomach with the butt of his gun—a big mistake.

Salt Saved his Life

With a howl of anguish, the all-in wrestler kicked him, sweeping his feet from under him. Then, as the other jerked up his gun, Savichev hurled the salt in his face.

Jumping on the pair, he raised them so that their feet dangled inches off the ground and crashed their heads together.

Inside five minutes of leaving the farmhouse, he was back again. The old woman flew into a rage when she saw him. "Are you fighting Fascists or living at this farm?" she screamed.

"Lady, I spilt the salt. I spilt it again. I'm sorry. No, no! Put down your frying-pan. I swear it is true."

"You lazy, thieving rogue. Take that!"

"But, lady..."

"Get out of my kitchen!"

The noise of the flailing frying-pan brought the old men of the farm up on the run. In the end Savichev showed them the unconscious Germans, whom he had parked carefully at the side of the barn. They gave him another lump of salt and this time he managed to get it safely back to his bullet-spattered field-kitchen.

Second Attempt

No one noticed him arrive back at the battery positions, as they were once more under heavy German counter-fire. When the strafe eased up the battery commander yelled for Savichev.

"Tell that imbecile that I'll skin him if we don't get something to eat in two minutes!"

The runner came back breathless. "Comrade Commander! He says the stew is coming up now—just done to perfection. Comrade Commander—he... he has two Fascists in his kitchen."

"He—what?"

"He says they made him angry by causing him to drop the salt. He says he had to go back for some more, and that the old woman..."

"Tell him I want to see him."

When Savichev came up he brought the stew with him. "Good stew, Comrade Commander," he said. "I had trouble with the salt."

"And the two dead Fascists?"

"It is not death they are suffering from, Comrade. I had to bang their heads together. They made me drop the salt."

"And they gave you that prize black eye?"

"Not Fascists, Comrade Commander. That was the old woman. She hit me with her frying-pan."

The battery commander exchanged a look with Lieutenant Vorobyov, official Soviet war reporter. "You see what comes of running out of salt," he said.

"It was an accident, Comrade Commander," said Savichev.

"Use shanks' pony, walk when you can"

The less all forms of transport are used the better. Let DRI-PED help you on the way. This guaranteed double wear sole leather will cover the extra mileage and afford the greatest possible protection to your feet. For real economy look for the purple diamond trademark.



Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed. Ask him to do his best.

DRI-PED LTD. Rose Hill Tannery, BOLTON, LANCs.



Healthy dogs make good companions

Your dog will be a healthy and happy companion provided you protect him from 'warm weather' blood disorders such as loss of appetite, scratching and listlessness. A daily Bob Martin's will purify your dog's blood and make him a regular 'plus' dog. In packets of 9 for 7d., 36 for 1/11



Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets

DIPHTHERIA



IS DEADLY—

Protect your Child. Apply at once to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre. Treatment is free.

IMMUNISATION IS THE SAFEGUARD

FACTS ABOUT DIPHTHERIA
Even the best cared-for child can get Diphtheria—it is not due to dirt or drains—and there are no "safe" areas. Diphtheria is one of the worst dangers to children. It is particularly deadly to children under six years of age. Even when not fatal, it may have ill effects which last a lifetime.

FACTS ABOUT IMMUNISATION
It is SAFE and simple. If an immunised child gets Diphtheria it is usually in a mild form. Immunisation gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. Only two treatments are necessary. The best time is soon after the first birthday. Protection takes three months to develop so get your child treated NOW, ready for the winter.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

D.H.15

LAST LAUGH

M. F. (Rushden).—"How often nowadays do you hear errand-boys whistling like they used to?" Well, most of those we see now seem a bit handicapped by having lost their teeth.

L. P. (Upminster).—"The man, after thinking deeply, pulled the communication cord of the train and jumped out as it stopped." He had probably decided his journey was not really necessary.

S. G. (Bromyard).—"I have met several nice girls recently, but none like the wife." No, they probably wouldn't.

R. T. (Chelmsford).—"I am trying to arrange to borrow my brother's camera whenever I want to take a photo. You want a sort of lease-lens agreement?"

Mrs. S. (Hackney).—"My son is being as carefully tended in the Army as a delicate plant." He has written to tell you he has been put in the glasshouse?

J. N. (Carlisle).—"A man in our street tried to poison his wife by making her drink furniture polish." He tried to polish her off, so to speak.

P. N. (Highgate).—"Many Government officials now go to work by tube." This is due to the shortage of taxis in which to leave important documents.

P. N. (Regent's Park).—"A monkey at the Zoo, given a potato by an American soldier, threw it at the donor and knocked his cap off." Very unreasonable. There are no bananas.

D. M. (Clacton).—"I know a man who can absorb a great many volts of electricity without taking any harm." We suppose that when he kisses his wife her ears light up.

S. N. (Essex).—"A bottle of whisky was sold for £16 and three lemons for 75s. at a local dance." Now all the purchaser wants is some hot water, sugar and a cold.

S. K. (Leeds).—"A film actress has obtained a divorce for the second time from the same man." If she wins once again he becomes his own property.

R. K. (Ely).—"Journalists, according to an Inland Revenue official, are willing income taxpayers." Although an editor will sometimes absentmindedly return a Demand Note with a courteous rejection slip.

G. M. (North London).—"Owing to a shortage of paper, customers at a fish shop carried away their purchases unwrapped." One lady who nonchalantly draped an eel round her shoulders gave rise to a rumour that the latest feminine fashion is a revival of the boa.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Discharged from the Army suffering from chronic rheumatism and dropsy, Arthur Walker is unable to work, and is terribly worried because he cannot maintain his wife and two children under fourteen.

His sole income is 25s. weekly, out of which rent 9s. 9d. and insurance 8d. weekly has to be paid. Obviously, it is impossible for this family to keep out of debt.

The distress of this case is stark in its simplicity, and we earnestly beg our readers to be as generous as they can to assist this sorely handicapped man. Donations earmarked "Sad," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept in this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Every penny you send will be passed on to those in need, for all administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."



"I seen a lot of 'ard fightin' in my time, Bill, I can tell yer! Why, I was Base Camp Orderly all through the South African War, and in the Quartermaster's stores at Havre through the last."

Side-Slips

DORSET DAILY ECHO:—"... and set ablaze military establishments in fire places."

DURHAM COUNTY ADVERTISER:—"Milk from a kidded goat makes excellent curd."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE:—"Mr. H— said that both the jobs the woman now held would be fishing very soon."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"... as socks were not very durable and seriously deteriorated after comparatively few washings."

TORRIS HERALD & EXPRESS:—"He shows how by firm but kind methods even the widest of beasts..."

EVENING STANDARD:—"... the submarine was detected lurking in the bath of a large and important convoy making for an Allied port."



THIS WEEK'S CASH WINNERS

1st PRIZE £75—'BULLETS' 1,300

T. Martin, 10, Flinders St., Liverpool, for this "Bullet":

WHEN THE VIGOR CALLS WE'RE "PREPARED FOR ETERNITY!"

210: M. Hoyle, 52, Arnold St., Birkby, Huddersfield. With Us—And On, "Humanity" Count.

22: G. Ryder, 26, Helen St., Lower Broughton, Salford. When The Occasion Calls—"George Groceries" To Brava.

24: H. Radford, 43, St. Thomas Rd., Laureston, Cornwall. With Us—Banks "Walking" After "Marching"?

25: J. Jones, 10, Knightwick Sanatorium Worcester. Real Goodness—Fero Fero Mutt's De-Wholism.

26: H. Deamer, 12, Drayton Sq., Havre, Middlesex. Grandpa's Triangles—Only "Wobbler" No. 1000000!

27: W. A. Bulp—Went "Happy Event." From! New W. A. Bulp—Went "Happy Event." From! New W. A. Bulp—Went "Happy Event." From!

28: F. W. Brown, 15, Wellington St., Swindon. Saloon-bar Strategist—Dad, Treading Our Path! J. B. Taylor, "Highgate," New Rd., Armitage, Rugby, Staffs.

29: J. W. Brown, 15, Wellington St., Swindon. Saloon-bar Strategist—Dad, Treading Our Path! J. B. Taylor, "Highgate," New Rd., Armitage, Rugby, Staffs.

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36: J. W. Brown, 15, Wellington St., Swindon. Saloon-bar Strategist—Dad, Treading Our Path! J. B. Taylor, "Highgate," New Rd., Armitage, Rugby, Staffs.



9 BIG CHEQUES

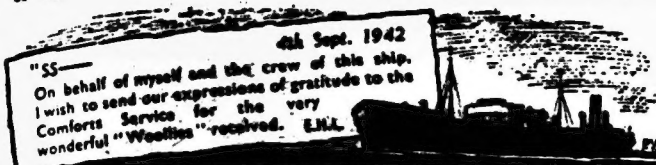
WON IN WORD 332

WINNERS: 1. Galt, 2. Chalk, 3. York, 4. Bath, 5. Hilt, 6. The 7. Windsor, 8. Dip, 9. Bath, 10. Bath, 11. Galt, 12. Bath, 13. Bath, 14. Bath, 15. Bath, 16. Bath, 17. Bath, 18. Bath, 19. Bath, 20. Bath, 21. Bath, 22. Bath, 23. Bath, 24. Bath, 25. Bath, 26. Bath, 27. Bath, 28. Bath, 29. Bath, 30. Bath, 31. Bath, 32. Bath, 33. Bath, 34. Bath, 35. Bath, 36. Bath, 37. Bath, 38. Bath, 39. Bath, 40. Bath, 41. Bath, 42. Bath, 43. Bath, 44. Bath, 45. Bath, 46. Bath, 47. Bath, 48. Bath, 49. Bath, 50. Bath, 51. Bath, 52. Bath, 53. Bath, 54. Bath, 55. Bath, 56. Bath, 57. Bath, 58. Bath, 59. Bath, 60. Bath, 61. Bath, 62. Bath, 63. Bath, 64. Bath, 65. Bath, 66. Bath, 67. Bath, 68. Bath, 69. Bath, 70. Bath, 71. Bath, 72. Bath, 73. Bath, 74. Bath, 75. Bath, 76. Bath, 77. Bath, 78. Bath, 79. Bath, 80. Bath, 81. Bath, 82. Bath, 83. Bath, 84. Bath, 85. Bath, 86. Bath, 87. Bath, 88. Bath, 89. Bath, 90. Bath, 91. Bath, 92. Bath, 93. Bath, 94. Bath, 95. Bath, 96. Bath, 97. Bath, 98. Bath, 99. Bath, 100. 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ALL IN A YEAR'S WORK

★ Extracts from the Annual Report of the Merchant Navy Comforts Service

1. 53,000 Emergency Reserve Kits have been packed and despatched for the service of torpedoed Merchant Navy Survivors turned at sea.
2. 599,246 knitted garments were sent to sea in 1942.
3. 6,082 augmented post-of-his prisoner of war parcels have been sent to Merchant Navy prisoners of war.
4. 521,000 books and magazines have been put in Merchant ships by our associated organization, the Sea War Library Service.
5. 1,793,287 gifts have been placed in British and Allied Merchant Ships since the war began by the Merchant Navy Comforts Service.



4th Sept. 1942
"SS—
On behalf of myself and the crew of this ship,
I wish to send our expressions of gratitude to the
Comforts Service for the very
wonderful "Woolies" received. E.H.L.

Available on application from the MERCHANT NAVY COMFORTS SERVICE
National Appeal Headquarters, 62, HEATH STREET, LONDON, N.W.3



You're bucked when they say—Yes! we have

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

2 PER
TABLET
(1 coupon)

protects the home from germs

KN 90-861

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will—
HEAL IT
—Clean!



Germolene Heals
Cleanses, ends Irrita-
tion instantly and
Soothes at a touch.
This splendid ointment
is renowned for its
beneficial effect in all
cases of Eczema, Insect
Bites, Cuts, Burns,
Wounds, Heat Rash
and many other Skin
Troubles. Always have
a tin in the house
ready for emergencies.

Sold
Everywhere
1/4 & 3/3
Per Tin

Factory worker's RHEUMATISM relieved by Fynnon Salt

"I have suffered from rheumatism since
soon after my second son was born,"
writes Mrs. W. O. "I was in terrible
pain until six months ago when my hus-
band saw one of your advertisements in
the paper. After several weeks I was
able to go back to my job in the factory.
ONLY AFTER TAKING FYNNON
SALT. I am 42, I feel fit and can do
the work of any two girls of 20!"

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the blood-
stream, flushes liver and kidneys,
eliminates from the body the toxins
which contribute
to rheumatism and
kindred troubles.
Largest tin of
Fynnon 1/6. Trial
size 7d. Price in-
cludes Purchase
Tax. Get yourself
a tin today!



Take Fynnon Salt

if you suffer from
Rheumatism,
Gout, Lumbago,
Neuritis or Sciatica

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex E16

Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many
letters received and permission has been
given by the writer to use this extract.

"How long must we wait?"

"Some weeks ago my
fiancé was told by the Doc-
tor that he was suffering
from Gonorrhoea and he
started taking treatment
and has continued ever
since. Now I want to know
how long must we wait
before getting married.
I am told that it wouldn't
be safe to get married
now—is this true?"

The Doctor replies:

"It is not possible to say
exactly how long you must
wait before you marry. I can
only say that marriage will not
be safe until your fiancé has
had a full course of treatment,
has then remained under his
doctor's observation for a time
without treatment, and has
finally passed the tests of cure
which the doctor will make.
As a rule, in the case of a man
suffering from gonorrhoea,
that would be about three
months after the beginning of
treatment. In cases of syphilis
it would be much longer."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREAT-
MENT are available at clinics set up by
County and County Borough Councils.
Any doctor will give the address.
Further information can be obtained
IN CONFIDENCE from the Health
Department at your local Council's
offices, or by writing to
the Medical Adviser, Central
Council for Health Educa-
tion, Dept. M-11 WM,
Tavistock Square, London,
W.C.1. All replies are sent
in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and the
Central Council for Health Education.
(M-11-27-WM)

SUSTAINED EFFORT

Changed conditions have, for
many people, resulted in
longer hours and harder work.
Not infrequently the extra
effort demanded causes head-
aches and muscular aches and
pains. Those responsible for
the health of workers in
war factories have been quick
to recognise the merits of
'ANADIN' in alleviating pain
and distress. Invaluable also
in the treatment of rheuma-
tism, neuralgia, neuritis and
the common cold.

1/3 & 2/6 (inc. Tax)

ANADIN TABLETS

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

Xword No. 332 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES	Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3P Entry fee for 1 Col. 3P 3P 3P
1. WHATEVER THE FASHION, SOME WOMEN WILL STILL BE	FL SHY	
2. IS THE MARRIAGE OF SOME BIRDS	CRU T	
3. IT MAY EXERCISE A MAN'S PATIENCE TO GET ROUND	LL	
4. COMMONLY PRODUCES A FEVER	OLD	
5. A MAN SHAKES HIS HEAD WHEN OUT OF THE BY	MI E	
6. FUTURE OF MAN WHO'S LOST AND MUST USUALLY BEEN	BLU F	
7. MAY LEAD TO YOUR FEELING DRABBY	N	
8. WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF THIS, ADDRESS HELPS CONSIDERABLY	ACT	
9. COUNTRIES CAN'T AFFORD TO SHOW HIM TO ADRIEN	CAR S	
10. SUCH A GUN MAY FORGE BOTH POLISH LIFE	AL	
11. CULTIVATION OF THESE INCREASES FRUIT- FULNESS OF PLANTS	BE S	
12. CAN AFFECT VALUE OF CLOTH ON BILLIARDS TABLE	UE	
13. MAY BE ONLY FOR DECEPTION	FA E	
14. THERE ARE PEOPLE WHOSE THIS IS HAIRING	ALIK	

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O.
or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated July 31.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK
MONDAY, JULY 19

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....
236

8 COLUMNS 1/6
FOR ONLY

To the 4 cols. on coupon
you may add extra 4 cols.
in blank margin on right.
Total entry-fee for 8 cols.
is 1s. 6d. only, including
TWO FREE

RULES
1.—First Prize in Bulletin will be awarded for best Bulletin received, and other prizes in
order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize
will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided,
test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties.
Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament 2000, allowed to any one entrant.
Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bulletin and Xwords
shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge
and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bulletins or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword
columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bulletins FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable
to JOHN BULL, cross 14 (to.), write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members
of R.E. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's contest, to appear in "John Bull"
dated Aug. 7, the Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.
Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

THIS WEEK ONLY 200 EXTRA CASH PRIZES!

OTHER PRIZES £10-£5-£4
£3-£2-6d-£1-10
20-10-200 NEW-36
1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"
To make a Bullet simply add TWO.
THREE or FOUR words of apt
and original comment to any of
the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show
you various ways to score. Joy Wire
Day—Friday, July 30.
VICTORY IS COMING, BUT
NAZI CREW
STORM OF OPPOSITION
KEEPS MUSSO AWAKE
WHEN WE ALL FLY
FLOWER OF FREEDOM
PUBLIC MONEY
TO GO ON WITH
ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE
WELCOME VISITOR

BULLETS 1,380 RESULT appears on page 14.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	

2 FREE
BULLETS
allowed with
4 paid—enter
in blank mar-
gin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee
at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bulletins I am entering, my remittance including
1d. for "Bulletin" Bulletin dated July 31.

P.O. Value..... Signed.....
No..... Closing Postmark, Monday, 1,384 July 19 Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE
"Bullets" No. 1,384 or Xword No. 336, "JOHN
BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE!



and read this . . .

To-day all rubber heels must be made from regenerated rubber. That doesn't mean that all rubber heels are the same. Goodyear have always made the best rubber heels possible . . . and always will! So when you buy Goodyear, you get heels produced with that unequalled wealth of experience, skill and resources which have made Goodyear the greatest name in rubber! Goodyear heels give you the utmost economy and satisfaction it is possible to obtain. Ask your repairer to fit them!

GOOD YEAR

A WELCOME WARTIME DISCOVERY . . .

CADBURYS



Cadbury's Blended Chocolate is part way between milk chocolate and plain chocolate. Blended Chocolate contains a proportion of separated milk. Fresh, full-cream milk is not now available for chocolate. Cadbury's Blended will be greatly welcomed by those who like a mild and smooth chocolate. Supplies, as of all other chocolate, will of course be limited. So, remember the children!

How to clean the lavatory

To clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible.

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration — effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use—a real boon to the housewife.



Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

HARPIC

THE PURRING CONTEST



"The purring contest is in a fortnight, and I couldn't purr properly to save my nine lives!"



"Hullo! TIBS! Good old Mistress! I feel like purring already."



"Yes, it's me! PURR-PURR-purr-purr-purr-purr-purr-RRR!"



100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport.

BISCUITS TO USE STILL LESS TRANSPORT

On June 28th the Biscuit Manufacturers put into operation a new zoning scheme.

This is based on the

experience of the successful zoning scheme introduced nearly twelve months ago with the object of saving transport and man-power, and is planned to effect still greater economies.

It is calculated that the new zoning scheme will save 15,000,000 ton miles per annum and reduce the transport employed for biscuits to less than a quarter of its former total.

Issued by the Cakes and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd. in explanation of the zoning and distribution plans affecting biscuits.



CVS-59



There's nothing half-hearted or hesitant about 'ASPRO' action. People are astonished by the swift dispersal of their pain or discomfort. One moment it is there—nagging, distracting, distressing—the next it has gone, and a SENSATION OF FREEDOM AND WELL-BEING COMES AS IF BY MAGIC. That's the experience of millions of 'ASPRO' users. They know that what 'ASPRO' claims to do IT DOES—that it frees them from pain and minor ills and enables them to "get on with the job." THEY KNOW THAT 'ASPRO' RENDERES ITS SOOTHING HEALING SERVICE WITHOUT HARM TO HEART OR STOMACH—without any depressing or distressing after-effects. Many send us grateful letters. They want others to know that—

'ASPRO'

action is Swift & definite

HEADACHE RELIEF EVIDENCE

Mrs. M. McD., of Aberdeen, Scotland, writes:—"I now take the pleasure in writing you a word or two, to thank you for that wonderful relief I've had through your 'ASPRO' tablets. I have suffered a great deal with headaches and was advised to try 'ASPRO'. In doing so I took two 'ASPRO' and in 15 minutes I found great relief, now I feel as fresh as a daisy. I now recommend to all my friends the wonderful tablet 'good old ASPRO'."

Headaches
Neuralgia
Neuritis
Toothache
Rheumatic pain
Lumbago
Sciatica
Sleeplessness
Colds Flu etc

War Worker Helped

Mrs. J. A., of Harrogate, writes:—"ASPRO tablets help a ledger I have who is young and on war work and at times finds it hard to keep on but 'ASPRO' tide her over and she wouldn't be without them."

Made in England by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, Bucks

ASPRO PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL PURCHASERS
1 TABLET 3½ 2 TABLETS 6½ 4 TABLETS 13½